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KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pachè, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so, to look at his eyes;
But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise:
We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover,
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover;
Northward and southward and west, and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were on mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burned brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun;
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burden of sweets.

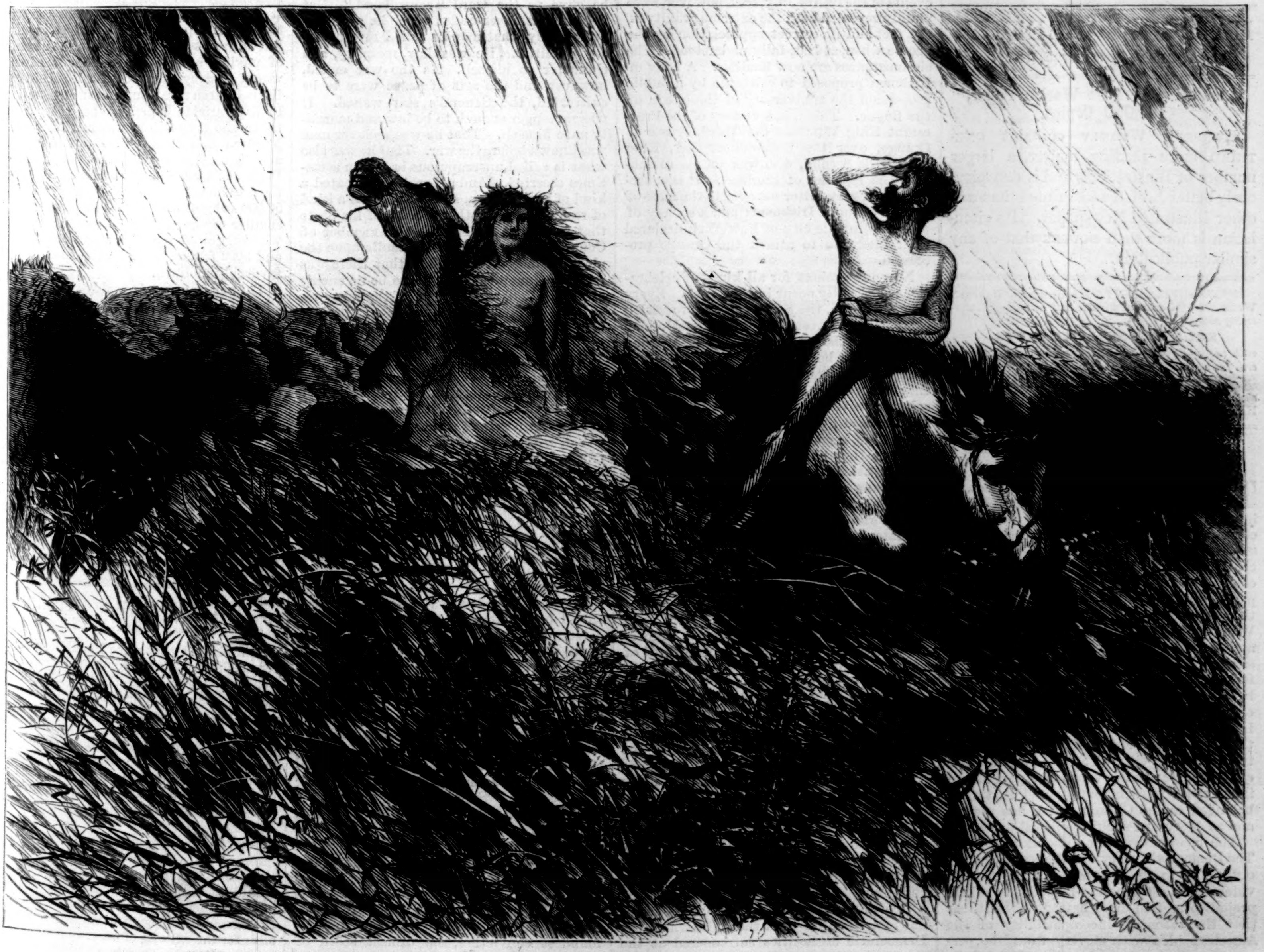
We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed:
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives—for your lives you must ride;
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in its ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath;
And so bared to the skin, sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born—as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death;
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer—
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles!....a dim distant speck....
Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire;
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air,
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly; and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen, crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black, blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes



"AND UP THROUGH THE BLACK, BLOWING VEIL OF HER HAIR DID BEAM FULL IN MINE HER TWO MARVELOUS EYES."

[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight; for this Pachè, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping every thing down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well,
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind, and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos....I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burned to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up, and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * * * * * * *

Sell Pachè—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here;
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier—
For the ways they were rough, and Camanches were near.
But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers, and git up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 5, 1871.

Circulation of Last Week's Paper, 186,000 Copies.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE circumstances of the recent riot in New York are of national interest and importance. They illustrate the inevitable consequence of pandering to ignorance and superstition for political purposes, and they challenge every thoughtful person in the country to reflect upon the character of a party which does not hesitate to destroy the very foundations of republican liberty. When the city of New York began its rapid and remarkable growth one of the most striking elements in its increase was the foreign immigration, and two things soon became apparent. One was that the foreign element would soon be the balance of voting power in the city; and the other was that the State would soon be politically controlled by the city. There were two other evident facts: that a very large part of the immigrants were ignorant; and that they belonged to the Church which has always and at every cost sought political power.

The results were not difficult to foresee. The Democratic party, in alliance with slavery, found in the ignorance of the foreign voters the best ground of appeal to selfish prejudice and to class hatred, without fear that the essential incompatibility of the American idea with slavery would be perceived. That party, therefore, devoted itself to inflaming the passions of ignorance; and there is no record more shameful than that of the political appeals of the Tammany party in the city of New York during the despotism of slavery in this country, culminating in the speech of Horatio Seymour at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, 1863; a speech which was logically followed by the riots ten days afterward—riots which were virtually the breaking out of the rebellion in New York, and which were the legitimate results of the servility to ignorance, passion, and brute force which had characterized the Democratic party.

Meanwhile the other point of religious sympathy was not forgotten. In the United States all forms of religious faith are perfectly free and equal before the law. The State knows no Church, and defends every citizen in the peaceful pursuit of his religious preference. But this is a principle abhorrent to the Roman Church. That Church holds that the political power should be subservient to the ecclesiastical, and that the ecclesiastical power should be that of Rome. This is its unswerving, inexorable demand. Its peculiar discipline is such, and the general ignorance of its membership in the countries and among the population from which the American immigration proceeds is so profound, that its members in this country, as a class, are politically marshaled by its clergy. Of course, therefore, to favor the political demands of that Church is to secure the vote of its membership, and we consequently see that the Democratic policy in the city of New York has been one of constant obsequiousness to the purposes and the prejudices of that ecclesiastical organization. Enormous gifts have been made to its churches and charities; its members have been selected, and not by chance, for very many of the chief offices in the city; and its fatal designs upon the common-school system of the State, the very bulwark of our liberties, have been promoted by the Democratic party.

These facts have been conspicuous and notorious. They were not denied, for they were evident. But so long as gifts, however small, were also made to others, while offices were not exclusively filled by adherents of the political Church, and while the common-school system, however sorely assaulted, stood firm, the alliance of a great party with an ecclesiastical system whose supremacy is necessarily fatal to liberty was regarded with a shrug, as a fact indeed, but a fact greatly exaggerated and not alarming. The events of the 12th of July, 1871, however, have plainly revealed both the extreme gravity of the fact and its correct appreciation by the people when, at last, fully understood. The circumstances are now familiar. A body of Irishmen proposed to celebrate by a public procession the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. This was a victory of the Protestant King William the Third, Prince of Orange, over the Catholic Stuart, King James the Second, who was aiming to subvert the liberties of England. It is consequently a very bitter memory to the mass of Roman Catholic Irishmen; and a society of that kind in the city of New York declared their intention to attack the Orange procession.

Now processions for all kinds of celebrations constantly occur in New York. Every year, in March, the St. Patrick's procession obstructs the streets, and on Easter-Monday of this year the great and imposing German procession in honor of the peace in Europe occupied the streets for hours. So long as they are orderly and peaceful the public submits to the inconvenience; and if they are attacked by the disorderly, the duty of the city to keep the peace is evident. But when the threat of the Roman Catholic Irishmen to attack the peaceful parade of the Protestant Irishmen was made, the Democratic authorities of this city were brought to a formidable alternative. They must alienate the Roman Catholic vote, or they must surrender one of the vital conditions of American liberty. Apparently they scarcely hesitated. They cringed before the Roman Catholic threat, and betrayed liberty.

The response of the people was as swift and overwhelming as that of the country after the firing upon Sumter. The shred of sophistry with which the base action of the authorities was sought to be defended was annihilated by a contemptuous breath of American common-sense; and the fact remained and remains and will remain clear to the perception of the country that the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party in their chief seat of power, in order to propitiate the Roman Catholic vote, deliberately sacrificed one of the fundamental securities of free popular government. Henceforth it is plain that they would buy power at any price whatever. The common-school system, the right of peaceful assembly and discussion, free speech, religious liberty, a free press, none of these are more cardinal and essential than the right which the Democratic authorities surrendered at the threat of a religious mob; and under the same pressure, and for the same reasons, they would equally abandon these and every other guarantee and principle of American freedom.

Nor is it surprising. Men who, like the Democratic leaders, have for a generation stultified themselves with the effort to justify human slavery, have, of course, lost all correct perception of the worth and conditions of political liberty. They know neither the sanctity nor the securities of freedom. Their politics consist of incessant pandering to ignorance and passion; and as formerly the final judgment against the Democratic party was that it instinctively allied itself with slavery, which by its nature must either rule or ruin the country, so now the fatal judgment against it is that, with the same instinct, it allies itself to the only political Church in the country—a Church whose principles are destructive of American liberty.

GENERAL BUTLER AT THE FRONT.

General Butler announces that he is a candidate for the chief magistracy of Massachusetts. He does this in a letter which explains what has hitherto been supposed to be his understanding with Dr. Loring, and which states his own political position. General Butler denies that he has had any understanding with Dr. Loring, and in a way which conclusively shows that if there had been any upon the Doctor's part it is now wholly at an end. General Butler's platform is of four planks: radical republicanism, labor reform, woman suffrage, and prohibition. It is a comprehensive structure, and well designed to secure the favor not only of the regular but of the eccentric politicians in which Massachusetts is supposed to be so rich. Yet his letter is not received with favor by any of the party papers, however they differ upon other points. This, however, will not trouble the General. He encountered the opposition of the ablest papers in the State when he was a candidate for Congress, and as he succeeded then, he doubtless believes that he will be successful now.

Still the political career of General Butler can not be called successful. At one time during the war he was so conspicuous and so popular that he was supposed to be the man of the future. He managed Baltimore and New Orleans and New York, and he gave us the word "contraband." But the circumstances under which he acted required only what may be called revolutionary qualities. He was law, morality, and character to himself. As the war ended, however, and the arts of peace were to be cultivated, the General's star waned. It was no longer enough to be law and morality unto himself. That he was a clever man was known before the war. That he was also what is called unscrupulous had been sometimes asserted. And when he advocated a kind of repudiation, and maintained a kind of residence in another district of his State that he might be eligible as a member of Congress, there was the same smile upon the pleasant face of the public that there was when he announced himself to be no enemy of prohibition, and a friend of the labor reformer and of suffrage for women. Besides his tendencies toward repudiation, the smiling public saw the General seeking to kindle the animosity of the fishermen against Canada and of the country against England. In fact, as was natural in the representative of the Essex district, he seemed to be always anxious for a gale of wind.

Yet, with all his cleverness, General Butler never led the House; and, despite his activity and advocacy of measures that might be popular, he is not now, and has never been, a leader of the Republican party. No man understands better the arts of publicity. In repartee, and in a rough-and-tumble verbal skirmish, he is agile and generally amusing. But his serious advocacy of a policy has not weight proportioned to its ability. The key of the General's career would be found, probably, if we could understand that smile upon the pleasant face of the public of which we spoke. And what is the meaning of that but a want of confidence? There is a feeling that he believes the maxim of political success to be "all's fair in politics." Probably the labor reformers and the prohibitionists and the friends of woman suffrage do not feel that the General has any very profound convictions upon those subjects, but a very clear perception that they have, and that an appearance of interest is, therefore, useful to a candidate who would have their support.

If this is the quality which the Republicans of Massachusetts desire in a Governor, the General's chances of election are very good. But the men who made John A. Andrew Governor will not forget that this was not his qualification. It was the profoundest conviction, the utmost scorn of political pretense, the sincerest character, the consecration of great abilities to the service of a great faith, that made Governor Andrew the efficient chief of his State in a tremendous crisis—a true leader of a party of the noblest patriotism and principle, and a man universally respected and beloved. These are still desirable qualities in a Governor, although there is no crisis; and if the Republican Convention of Massachusetts thinks that they characterize General Butler, he will unquestionably be nominated and elected. But if the Convention has doubts, it will naturally ask why a man so tried and true and satisfactory as the present Governor, Claflin, should not continue to serve the State which respects and trusts him.

THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

While the Democratic municipal authorities of New York, at the threat of a mob, are forbidding the peaceful assembly of the people, it is interesting to see that the provisional government of France is relaxing the stringency of the laws restricting the press. The government of the national defense, as it was called, repealed the law of Louis Napoleon requiring caution-money of the press—a fund paid in advance as security of fines that might be legally levied against the journals. Of course it was not to be expected that this repeal of the revolutionary government would stand, but the real temper of the present Assembly would be shown by the amount of the restored payment. Upon the motion to renew this system, Louis Blanc said that even if some measures of repression were necessary—an admission to which the reign of the Commune has probably persuaded him—yet preventive measures were unwise. The result of caution-money, he contended, was to forbid all but the rich to write; and he quoted Mr. Mill to show that to stifle or perplex the press is to rob the human race, because it tends to keep new ideas from those who are to be benefited by them. Louis Blanc also stated the good effect in England of relieving newspapers from taxes; for the penny papers are now altogether better than when their price was larger and their circulation less.

The good sense of this speech, and the influence which so sagacious an observer and student as Louis Blanc must necessarily exercise, had their effect, and the minister presently announced that the proposed caution-money had been reduced by one-half. It was curious that the extreme conservatives were opposed to the caution altogether. But the reason is that they fear the necessity of paying a thousand dollars in advance would destroy many of the legitimist and High-Church rural journals, and replace them by the Parisian papers. When the vote was taken the proposition was carried by three hundred and twenty-nine to two hundred and two. This fixed the caution-money for Paris at 24,000 francs instead of 50,000, and for provincial papers in towns of more than 50,000 inhabitants at 12,000 francs, and in smaller towns at 6000. But an amendment was suggested reducing these sums to 6000 and 3000 francs, to which the Assembly was favorably inclined.

The action of the Assembly shows a disposition, notwithstanding the exasperations of the war and the uncertainty of the situation, to remove the imperial chains upon the press. The Assembly is not yet ready to trust that perfect freedom which is the best security; but to this conclusion, for reasons of interest, as well as from a clearer perception of principle, it will constantly tend. Meanwhile what a prodigious assistance to every reactionary who would confirm the despotism of the empire is the conduct of the Democratic authorities in New York! "Free press!" every European Tory and monarchist will exclaim—"why, even in the city of New York, which calls itself the most Democratic city in the world, the right of peaceful assembly and procession is not acknowledged."

THE DUTY OF SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

We observe that some Republican papers reproach Mr. Greeley for denouncing certain "carpet-baggers" in the Southern States. But he very properly replies that he did not speak of all, but of a class only, and that what he said of the class is true. Of this there can be no question. The probability and the facts agree. That a vast train of bummers would follow the victorious army, and remain to improve every chance, was to be expected, as well as that a great many honest and enterprising men would go into a comparatively undeveloped country to settle and improve it. Of course, also, it was evident that the Democratic organs and orators would insist that the bummers were the only new Southern population, and would hold the Republican party every where responsible for the offenses of unscrupulous adventurers. It was, therefore, most desirable, and for every reason, that the Republicans should refuse to be identified with the worst elements of an immigration that is sure to follow such a war as that of the rebellion.

Mr. Greeley described this company of adventurers. He called them thieving carpet-baggers. He said, and truly, that they crawled down to the South at a safe distance in the rear of our armies, bent upon plunder, and easily ingratiated themselves with the simple and confiding freedmen. Many of them were elected to office, and enriched themselves in a hundred nefarious ways. All this was unavoidable. There are always plenty of such people watching for their opportunity, and finding it. They would, of course, call themselves Republicans, because the Republican party was the friend of the negro and the emancipator of the South. And the Republican party would be compelled to bear the infamy of all who called themselves Republicans. This has happened; and, more than this, it is the conduct and reputation of the thieving carpet-baggers which have furnished the only pretense of a plea for the Ku-Klux. For it was said that against the rule of such men the laws were invalid, and there was no remedy but self-defense.

This was a pretense only; for the conduct of the Ku-Klux is evidence enough of its spirit and purpose. Its object is not to defend imperiled rights; it is to paralyze political opposition by a reign of terror. It hunts and hangs negroes and not carpet-baggers. But this was another reason for the Republican party to purge itself of scoundrels. Undoubtedly large numbers of honest people in the Southern States have held aloof from the Republicans because of the bummers, whose influence and legislation were equally discreditable; and, surely, honest and industrious settlers from the North do not consider themselves insulted because the thieves are denounced! They must know as well as we that policy as well as principle teaches that the Republican party must not be held responsible for the knavery of those who would prefer to be Democrats driving slaves rather than nominal friends of liberty and equality. Mr. Greeley merely repeats what thousands of Republicans have reported. And if the Southern States become Democratic, the responsibility will largely lie upon the Republicans in them who did not promptly and decisively repudiate the thieving carpet-baggers.

M. THIERS.

The result of the French elections occasioned very general surprise. It was supposed that the monarchists of every kind would show themselves to be much more numerous. But while the monarchical vote was small, that for certain representative republicans or liberals was no less so. Victor Hugo, for instance, was left with a very small following; and the election showed only this, but this most plainly, that the government of M. Thiers is supported by the voting population of the country. It can not be called, therefore, a republican or a monarchical result; it is simply a Thiers result. Now M. Thiers is probably neither rigidly republican nor monarchist. He is in favor of that system which will best keep the peace. His great literary work is the glorification of the first emperor. His political ministry was as an Orleanist. Under the republic of 1848 he was reactionary. Under the empire of Louis Napoleon he was in the opposition. He denounced the war with Germany, and after the fall of France at Sedan he served diplomatically under the government of defense. Then followed the surrender of Paris, and the assembly of conservatives; and, as the executive chief, he suppressed the insurrection of the Commune.

Indeed, while M. Thiers is a man of great cleverness and accomplishment, he has never seemed to be governed by deep convictions of any kind. He is adroit, quick, fertile; in fact, he is of what is distinctively called a French nature, but controlled by gravity and large experience. And he occupies a very remarkable position. A great nation, overwhelmed in war, during which its government wholly disappears, is permitted by the conqueror to elect an Assembly to determine whether it will make peace, and empowered to make it, if it will. This Assembly, purely provisional, except as to the specific purpose of peace, organizes a government to hold the country together until it can elect a Constituent Assembly and determine its future political system. M. Thiers is placed at the head of the provisional organization, against which the Commune revolts. The revolt becomes a serious struggle, which ends in the victory of the provisional government; and an election held soon after indicates nothing whatever but that the majority of voters confides in the government as constituted, and at the head of which, by common consent, stands M. Thiers.

But this confidence, like his elevation, represents no principle. M. Thiers is undoubtedly a republican—provided that he thinks a republic has the best chance; and he is a monarchist—if he thinks that the really strongest system. He wants only the firmest government which is not actually reactionary, and he undoubtedly believes himself to be essential to any hopeful system. He is, therefore, a virtual and absolute dictator. If he should say that in his judgment it is not safe to attempt to elect a Constituent Assembly, and to open the whole question of political reorganization, he would be sustained by the country. But if he discovers that there is a strenuous and general desire to "consult the people," the judgment of the shrewd politician will incline to an Assembly. No single man upon the theatre of the world is playing a more important part than M. Thiers, who, it will be remarked, has now surrounded himself with an Orleanist cabinet.

THE CASE OF Mrs. WHARTON.

One of the saddest considerations in the case of Mrs. Wharton, of Baltimore, who is accused of murder by poisoning, is that, even if wholly innocent, the cloud of so terrible a charge can never entirely pass away. Those who have been by mere casual association connected with great crimes, or the suspicion of them, are always a little tainted. There is a whisper, a look, a surmise, which forever attends them. Then, too, what may be called the laws of mental perversity operate against a person in the situation of Mrs. Wharton. The very improbability that a refined woman, in comfortable circumstances, and without apparent reason, should commit atrocious crimes, makes it, to use a contradiction, probable to certain minds. The reasoning is that the utter improbability makes escape so sure that temptation, upon the slightest suggestion, becomes resistless fascination. It is a distempered logic, but it is not unfamiliar to the students of crime.

In the present case the only ascertained fact pointing to guilt is the presentation by the Grand Jury. The evidence submitted to them was sufficient to persuade them that the deaths were violent and that the circumstances were suspicious. But statements in the newspapers, except as they are official reports, should be very carefully weighed. The thirst for sensations has become so morbid, and the competition in gratifying it is so intense, that it is really necessary to receive assertions and relations of apparent facts in the newspapers with the most skeptical reserve. It is not that there is any ill intention upon the reporter's part, but his living depends upon his success in sending the most news at the earliest moment. Here is a marvelous story; it is time to furnish copy; there is no opportunity for investigation; and some other paper will have it if his does not; so the story is published, and then it is not worth while to investigate. Rumor fattens upon the wind, and as very much that is reported is necessarily hearsay, a man who has read his paper is probably often no fuller of truth than one who has breakfasted upon the east wind is full of food.

A newspaper, however, may justly urge that it does not profess to furnish truth, but news, and news under certain conditions of time and space. It is bound to use all diligence in verifying news, but it is not bound to refrain from printing every thing that it has not proved. The consequence is that if there is not much absolute falsehood published as news, there is a great deal of misrepresentation and misconception. In many papers Mrs. Wharton is already called the poisoner, and the alliterative temptation to call her the "Baltimore Brinvilliers" is evidently very strong; yet she may be satisfactorily acquitted. Much that has been stated as fact may be proved to be mere rumor. In any case, she is only accused; she is not yet convicted; and of crimes so awful certainly every woman may be presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams gives his friends and the public distinctly to understand that under no circumstances can he be induced to mingle in the political affairs of the day, his time being wholly occupied preparing a biography of his father. It may be that he deems the present a rather inauspicious moment for re-entering the political arena, the more so as his son, John Quincy, is now a prominent figure in New England politics. One Adams at a time ought to satisfy.

—It has recently come to light how President Grant happened to appoint Mr. Akerman Attorney-General. The first time the President saw him he was in Washington transacting some business as State agent of Georgia. After having finished some matter one morning in the Executive Chamber the President said, "I like that man, and as soon as the place is open in Georgia I mean to make him district-attorney." The time came, and the office was bestowed. In the pursuit of his new duties, the President heard that Mr. Akerman had been refused lodging in a Southern city because of his Republicanism, and that the court had to be adjourned in consequence. When Mr. Hoar resigned, Mr. Akerman was nominated, entirely without his knowledge, and was at his remote country home a week before the news reached him. Mr. Akerman was born in New Hampshire, and, long before the war, settled in North Carolina, and for a time taught school, but afterward pushed on into Georgia, where the rebellion found him.

—For the first time in this country, perhaps in any country, a negro has been appointed a college professor. The new educator is Lawrence Minor, and the institution is Alcorn University, Mississippi, which was founded two years ago, and an endowment fund of $50,000 per annum appropriated for its support. This sum is to be paid annually for five years, after which it is expected to be self-supporting. Professor Minor was born in Louisiana, the son of a rich bachelor, a planter. His mother had also another son and a daughter by the same person. The daughter is now living in Cleveland, and has a son who is private secretary to Lieutenant-Governor Dunn. Before the death of Minor's father he was importuned by the female members of his family to give his children a thorough education, to which he consented, and engaged a private tutor for that purpose. Dying, he left a will manumitting the mother and children, and making provision for their education. Lawrence entered Oberlin College in 1846, and proved an apt scholar. In 1850 he went to New Orleans, taught school for four years, and was then obliged, in order to support his family, to become porter on one of the river steamers, where his conduct was excellent, and where he remained until this professorship was given to him, which insures him a salary of $2500 per annum. He is a strikingly handsome man for one of his color, tall, stout, and dignified; his conversation is fluent and pleasant, and by all who know him he is regarded as a remarkable man.

—The Cragie House—better known, perhaps, as the residence of the poet Longfellow—is 112 years old, and one of the most spacious and elegant of its class in the country. The door is massive, and its ponderous fastenings and brasses the same as when Washington made it his home in the memorable winter of 1775. The hall, twelve feet in breadth, contains the broad, square staircase, with landings. The drawing-room is of great height for the period—twenty feet—wainscoted in panels elaborately carved. Across the entry from this apartment is the study, a bright, sunny room, and behind it the library, of noble proportions, thirty feet in length, with columns diversifying the longer side opposite the windows. For twenty-five years it has been the home of Mr. Longfellow, and under its roof have been composed the finest productions of his genius. He is now sixty-four.

—It seems rather odd to an American, when reading of the new republican government of France, that M. Thiers is just now greatly embarrassed as to how he shall get along with the newspapers. One would suppose that in a free government there would be absolute liberty of the press. Such is not the fact, Thiers having re-enacted the law that "caution-money" to the amount of $2400 shall be deposited as security for each journal published in a great town. That law, we opine, will have to be repealed, or the people will find it necessary to repeal M. Thiers.

—The Rothschilds are certainly a lucky family—as fortunate in avoiding bombs as in gaining bullion. No matter who is king, Rothschild reigns. Of the 144 splendid buildings owned by them in Paris not one was harmed by German shells during the siege, nor by the Communists during their internecine strife. All sides—Germans, Frenchmen, Versaillese, Communists—must have the cash. And of whom to get it but a Rothschild?

—Mr. E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York, has recently purchased the shares in the New York *Times* attached to the Raymond estate, representing about one-third of the property. The price paid for these shares was $375,000, or upward of $11,000 for each. Mr. Morgan was an original stockholder, and has been for some time past one of the managing partners of the paper, in conjunction with Mr. George Jones, another of the original proprietors. These two gentlemen now hold eighty-two out of the hundred shares of the stock in their own hands. In announcing the purchase of the Raymond shares, the proprietors assure the public that the *Times* "will not swerve from the policy which it has long pursued, but that it will hereafter be more persistent than ever in its efforts to bring about those political reforms which the people require and expect."

—The young gentleman who comes to Washington from the Japanese government as its first minister to this country is the youngest diplomatist ever accredited to the United States, being only twenty-four years of age. His name is Gugoi Arinovi Mari, and he is one of the hereditary princes. When eighteen he was sent to England for education, and remained there three years. On returning to Japan he took part in the legislative councils, and at the risk of assassination made the first proposition ever made in Japan to abolish the wearing of the two swords. For this he was advised to, and did, retire from public life; but at the end of a year public opinion had turned in his favor, and he was invited to re-enter the service of the government. He comes as minister much against his inclination (being, as he thinks, too young), and only at the command of his sovereign. He is a very active, busy man, full of native and acquired ability, determined to send from here every variety of information that can promote the prosperity and happiness of Japan.

—It is among the probabilities that the Prince De Lynar will be the successor of Baron Gerolt as the Prussian minister at Washington. He is the young gentleman who obtained permission from Kaiser William to wed an American belle, the Emperor turning to him at a banquet and saying, "Prince De Lynar, I drink to the health of your American *fiancée*, and may we soon behold her at your side here in Germany!"

—Brunswick, Maine, has been convulsed by the necessity of choosing a new president of Bowdoin College. Following the example set by the governing powers of Cornell, Union, the University of New York, and other colleges, the choice has fallen on Governor Chamberlain, whose aspirations last year were toward a United States Senatorship. The new president has every requisite for the position. It is a conservative institution, having had but five presidents in seventy years. Among her graduates are the names of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Fessenden, Franklin Pierce, J. S. C. Abbott, George B. Cheever, John P. Hale, Seargent S. Prentiss, and Calvin E. Stowe.

—In a city where business changes are so rapid and little thought of as in New York it is quite unusual for a firm name to be continued in one place for over fifty years, as was the case with Mr. C. V. S. Roosevelt, who died last week at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. R. was born in Maiden Lane, where his father carried on business before him, and whose partner he became in 1818. He continued in business until 1865, when he retired, and was succeeded by his sons. It is now eighty years since the family first began to do business at No. 94 Maiden Lane. During the past twenty-five years he has resided at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. He had amassed a fortune of some millions, but he gave away the larger part of his income to benevolent objects. He leaves four sons—James A. and Theodore, who continue the business, Robert B., member of Congress, and Cornelius V. S., Jun.

—A granddaughter of Daniel Boone, the famous hunter and pioneer, is now the widow of ex-Governor Boggs, and resides in Napa County, California, on the homestead where the family settled twenty-five years ago. The old, original Boone was a curious person—a man of superior intellect, but loving the woods, passionately fond of hunting, and hating all the conventionalities of society. Chester Harding, who painted the only portrait of him ever taken, which now hangs in the State-house of Kentucky, found him lying in his bunk in a cabin, engaged in cooking a venison steak on a ramrod. He died at the age of eighty-eight, having some years previously had the prudence to purchase a coffin, which he kept under his bed, ready for immediate use when his carcass was called for. But he was a modest, honest, temperate, chaste old fellow, and beloved by the borderers.

—*Harper's Weekly* contains, in the last number, a striking collection of caricatures by Nast, illustrating Tweed's "short talk" at the Tammany powwow on the Fourth. Mr. Nast is one of the boldest and most effective foes of the Ring. His assaults are appreciated by every body, learned or unlearned, and they hurt the rascals they are aimed at more than mere words can. Nor is this artist dependent on coarse and obvious caricature for his tremendous influence. While his points are plain to the most casual observer, their subtile meaning will repay careful study. In the ingenuity with which he stamps the faces of our four dictators with varied expressions of effrontery, cunning, complacency, and greed he is absolutely unrivaled. It may interest his thousands of admirers to know that on Wednesday Mr. Nast shouldered his musket and marched with the Seventh Regiment in defense of the cause he has so bravely upheld with his pencil, against the ruffians he has made so familiar to the readers of *Harper's*.—*N. Y. Times, July* 15.

—President Thiers, in calling the Duke de Broglie to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, old man as he is, thought, doubtless, that age is no barrier to efficiency in affairs. Thiers himself is seventy-four. His father, who was a working locksmith, lived to eighty. His grandfather, a Marseilles lawyer, died at eighty-four. His mother died at eighty-four. Two aunts died at Mentone, both over eighty, and his nearest living relation is a cousin now at Mentone, a lady, aged seventy-nine. The old statesman is therefore excusable, from his point of view, for calling into his cabinet men ripe in years and experience. His first great work, however, was produced while he was young, the first volume of the "History of the French Revolution" having appeared when he was but twenty-six, and the tenth volume when he was thirty-five. At thirty-five he was appointed Minister of the Interior, and at thirty-nine he was President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

—Hon. Peter M. Dox, M. C. from Alabama, and for many years a resident of that State, formerly resided in Ontario County, New York. He was a Democrat, a thorough-going party man, and had considerable local influence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A severe earthquake shock was felt throughout the New England States early on the morning of July 20. In Portsmouth and Concord, New Hampshire, it was quite severe, shaking the plastering from the walls of the jail in the former, and causing a church-bell to ring in the latter. The general direction of the shock was from north to south.

General Crook has taken the field against the Apaches, with five companies of cavalry, fifty picked Mexicans, and a large number of native scouts. He will act in conjunction with the Mexican authorities in Sonora.

General Parker has resigned the Commissionership of the Indian Bureau, on the ground that Congressional legislation has divested it of all its original importance, duties, and responsibility, and made the Commissioner a supernumerary officer, his principal duties being simply those of a clerk to a Board of Indian Commissioners operating wholly outside of and independent of the Indian Bureau.

Early on Saturday morning, July 22, an explosion occurred in the small magazine at the Washington Arsenal used for the preparation of rockets, lights, and shells for the Signal Corps. The explosion caused a serious conflagration, involving the destruction of about $1,000,000 worth of government property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 20th of July Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that the Queen had canceled the royal warrant legalizing the purchase of commissions in the army. The Tories denounced the arbitrary course of the government, but Mr. Gladstone was defiant, and challenged the opposition to move a vote of non-confidence. In the House of Lords the action of the government was announced by Earl Granville. The Lords were deeply moved, but decorous in their demonstrations. The measure is generally approved by the press of England.

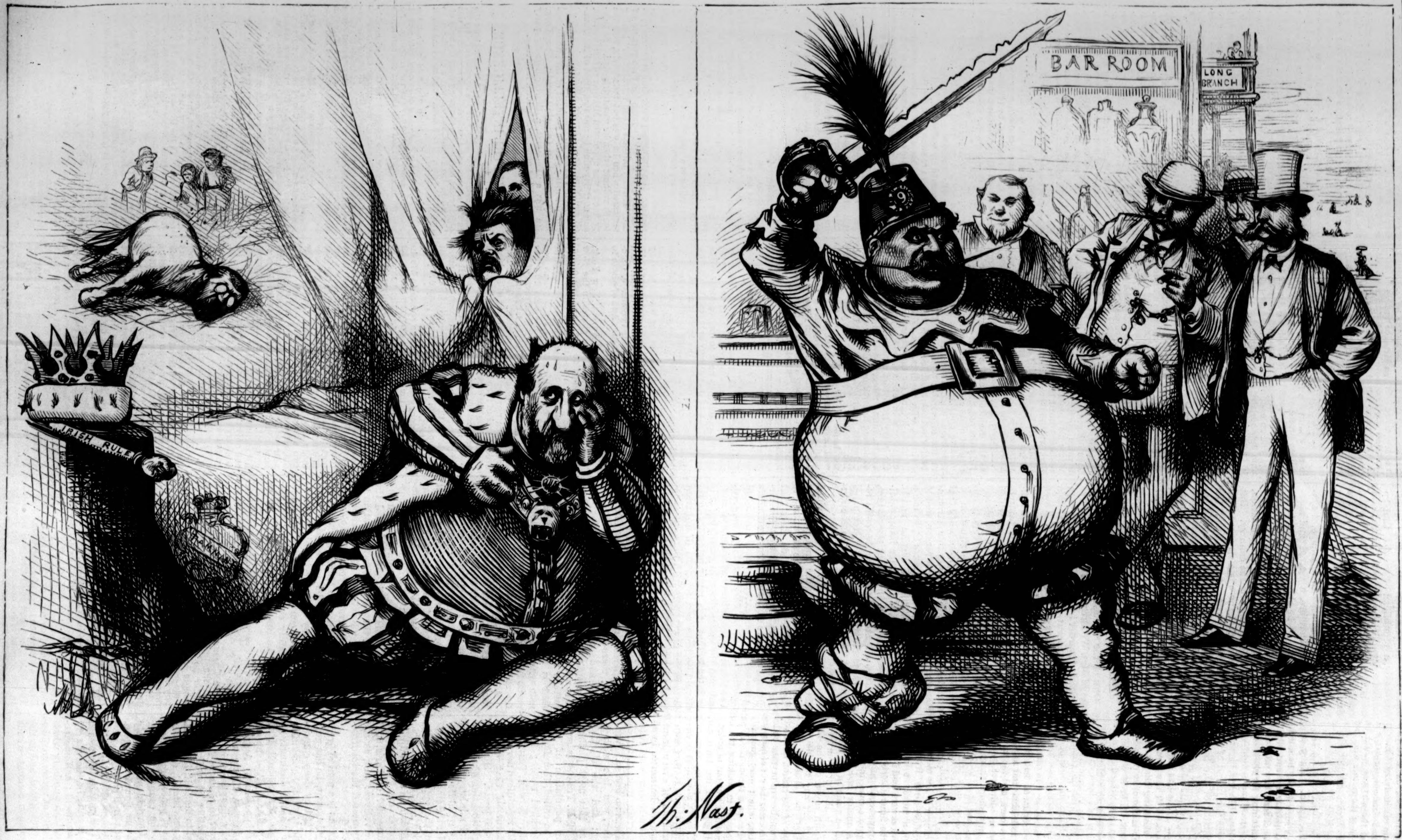
President Thiers declared in the French Assembly, on the 22d of July, that he would do all in his power to secure the independence of the Pope, but that it was impossible to take any step that would result in war with Italy.

The Archbishop of Tours has been appointed to the archbishopric of Paris.

The French paid 409,600,000 francs of the German indemnity on the 15th of July, and 52,500,000 since that date.

The German army of occupation has received orders to evacuate Amiens and Rouen and the departments of the Somme, Lower Seine, and Eure.

Prince Gortschakoff has expressed to the deputation of the American Evangelical Alliance the sympathy of the Czar with the advancement of the cause of religious liberty in Russia.



SHAKSPEARE ON THE LATE RIOT.

RICHARD III.

Tweed, as King Richard (starting out of his dream).

Give me another horse [Mayor] — bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.
Methought the souls of all that I had plundered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

FALSTAFF.

J. F., as Falstaff. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do

By-stander. What, fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

By-stander. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for, for I have peppered two of them—two, I am sure, I have paid.

By-stander. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. We two set on you four....and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

THE LAST HONORS.

THE funeral of SAMUEL WYATT and HENRY C. PAIGE, of the Ninth Regiment, who were killed in the riot of July 12, took place the following Sunday afternoon at Calvary Church. Fears had been entertained—indeed, threats had been openly made—that the services would be interrupted by the friends of the rioters who had been shot down by the troops; but the police and military preparations were so thorough that no hostile demonstration was attempted.

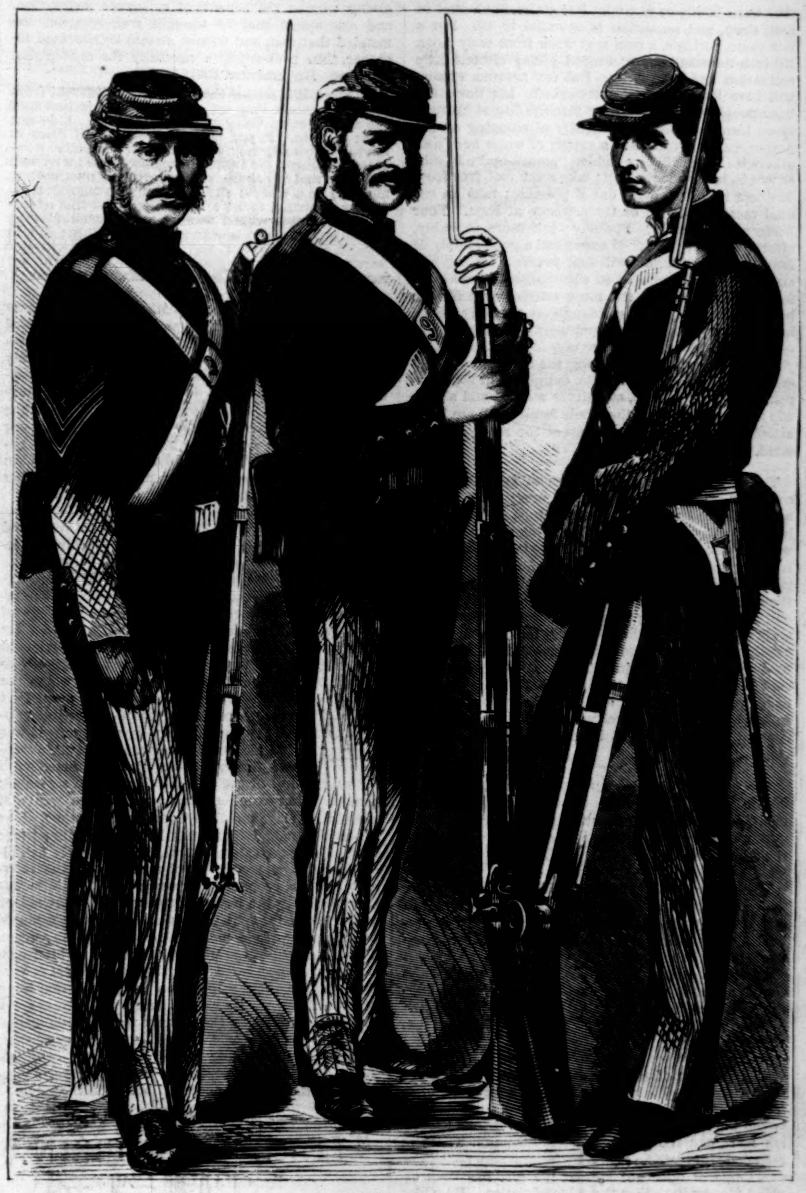
By noon of Sunday the Ninth Regiment armory, in Twenty-sixth Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, was surrounded by a dense crowd of people, drawn thither by curiosity to witness the preparations for the procession. Most of them were quiet and respectable citizens, but among them stood many sullen and scowling men and women, who looked on with no attempt to conceal their hatred. The Irish women were conspicuous in the crowd by the profusion of green ribbon with which they were decked out. Bitter as these people undoubtedly felt, their spirit was cowed, and it was evident that the funeral pageant would pass through the streets without interruption. The veteran members of the regiment, who have followed its fortunes over many bloody and well-contested fields of battle in the defense of those liberties for which PAIGE and WYATT sacrificed their lives, were present in considerable numbers, agreeable to the invitation which had been extended to them to co-operate with the Veteran Association of the command, composed of men who have served the militia term of service. Many prominent citizens were also present to honor the dead, and assist, if necessary, in quelling an outbreak. After the regiment had been put through a short drill in loading and firing it was drawn up in a hollow square, and the men being called to attention, were addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel BRAINE in a short, sharp, and soldierly style. "Men," said he, "to-day we may meet with trouble, and we may not. We are fully prepared for an emergency; but, in the event of a disturbance, remember that the first duty of a soldier in danger is not to fire until he receives orders. Shoulder arms!"

The procession then moved to the church, where impressive services were held; after which, in a pouring rain, the funeral cortége marched to the dépôt on Forty-second Street, where a train was in waiting to convey them to Woodlawn Cemetery. A rumor had been current that an attack would be made on the train while it was passing through the cut from Seventy-eighth to Ninety-eighth street, on the Harlem Railroad, and to prevent any trouble of this kind, a detachment of 150 policemen was stationed along the line of the railroad. Early in the afternoon large numbers of persons collected on the bridges which cross the cut at each street, and at the entrances, which were guarded, no one being permitted to pass through. A patrol was constantly employed in walking the entire length to see that nothing was out of order. As the afternoon went on, and the train did not come, many of the worst-looking characters in the crowd disappeared, and those that were left were principally young boys and girls, drawn thither by curiosity. When the rain set in, even these left, and the whole line was deserted by all save the police guard. At last, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, the whistle announced the approach of the train, and though it was still raining hard there was a general rush for the bridges; but the police had received orders to prevent any one standing on them during the passage of the train, so that all the sight that could be obtained was the tops of the long train of cars as they sped safely and rapidly on their way.

The place of burial was reached about eight o'clock. It was on Tower Hill. A deep square grave had been prepared for the two comrades who had fought and fallen together in the same cause, and who were buried together with military honors. The final scene was sad and beautiful. The shower had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, a beautiful rainbow arched the sky, and the birds renewed their interrupted chorals.

At ten o'clock the procession returned to the city, and the regiment was escorted to its armory by the police, all along the route receiving a complete ovation.

WYATT and PAIGE were not the only members of the Ninth who fell victims to the riot. Mr. WALTER R. PRYOR, son of Mrs. PRYOR, the well-known actress, died on the 16th of wounds received while in the performance of his duty during the riot. He was twenty-four years old. The portrait accompanying this article is engraved from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mr. R. A. LEWIS, by whom the deceased was employed at the time of his death.

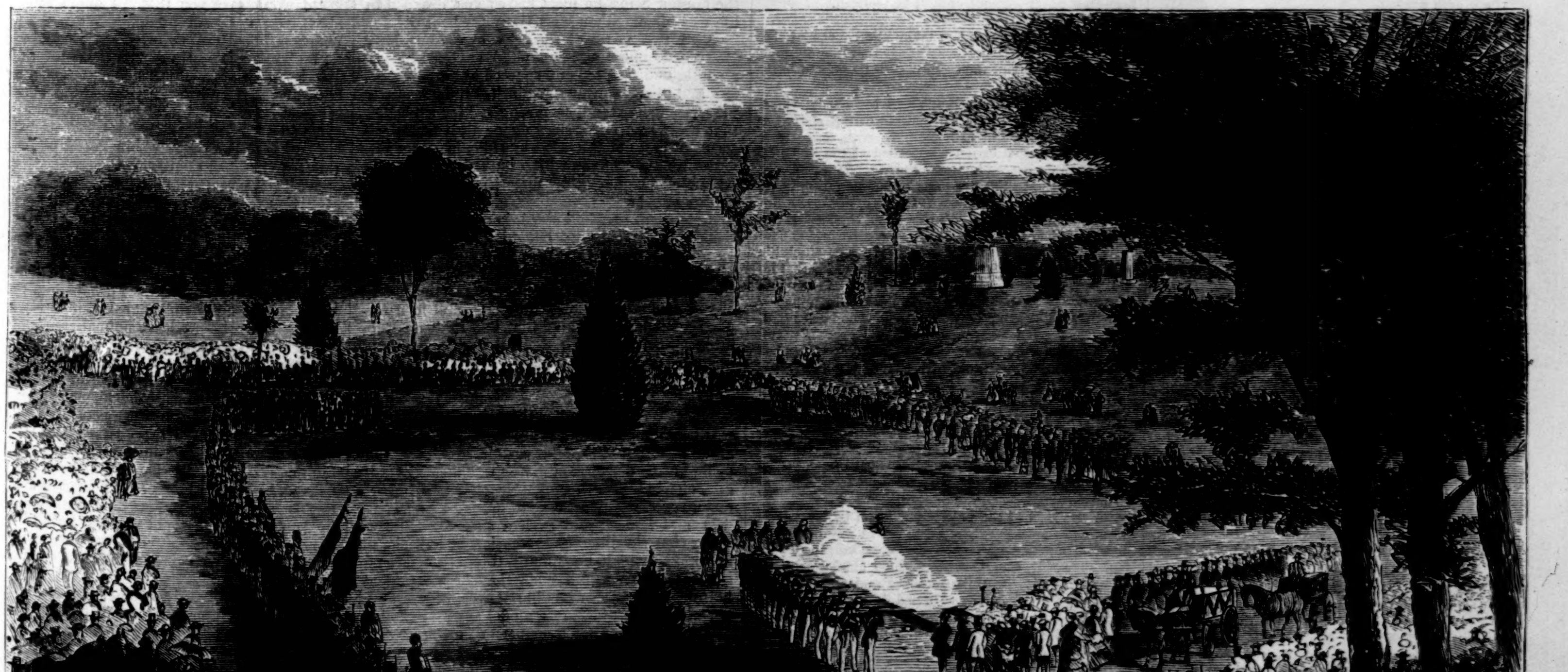

WYATT. PAIGE. PRYOR.

VICTIMS OF THE LATE RIOT.

PREVALENCE OF DUST.

DUST is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for Night Thought Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own devices, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt is the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for any body to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of transient shadows, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall, in London.

Dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. To the same cause are to be ascribed the effects by which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall makes an artificial sky more perfect than a real one. In mountainous countries hills at no great distance are rendered almost invisible by haze. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the light of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself, but to see its color the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it; and the "blue arch" turns out to be a greater delusion than was imagined.


LAST HONORS TO THE VICTIMS OF THE RIOT—THE BURIAL AT WOODLAWN.

THE DEAD MARCH.

[BERLIN, JUNE 16, 1871.]

WHAT was it I really saw, you say, the day when our troops came marching in?
Ah, sister, that was the strangest thing of all the sights that have ever been.

But turn away from the setting sun that dazzles white on the grave-stones there:
Under the lift of the breezy vines we catch a breath of the cooler air.

I went with the others to see the show; went with the others—yet all alone!
What wonder, then, if my heavy heart lay in my breast like a frozen stone!

If I was sad on a day like that, there was reason enough, the dear Lord knows!
But there are sights and sounds, I think, would quicken the dullest blood that flows.

And when with the rest I took my place, crowded so close, in the eager throng,
Almost we felt like a single pulse the heart-beat quivering far along;

When, winding round by the hard-won flags, the guns and eagles, from arch to arch,
In time with the music's triumph-swell I saw the glittering army march,

Out of my bosom the lump of ice melted as if in a moment away:
One passionate throb of the common joy made me a part of the glorious day.

Grand, like a king, on his great black horse our Emperor rode at the head of the line;
Flowing after, it seemed for miles, a river of steel in the hot sunshine.

All the length of the shining street, as far as the dazzled eye could see,
Flags and garlands and colors twined, fluttered like leaves on the summer tree—

Fluttered and flew, as if to meet the gathering drum-beat following in,
As thunder follows the lightning-flash, the sudden shock of the bugle's din.

Streaming out on the shaken air, over us, under us, round and round,
Mixed together they seemed to whirl, sound and color, color and sound!

And through it all, with a steady tramp, changing ever, yet still the same,
Men in their vigor and beardless boys, in solid ranks the regiments came.

Something—what, I can hardly say—broke the strain that had held us still:
All in a second the silent crowd shouted out with a single will;

Men and women in one great cry, that bore the clattering music down—
The voice of a nation's joy and pride in the dear old Fatherland's renown.

I cheered with the others till, all at once, a pang like a knife stabbed heart and brain;
For the face of one of those beardless boys brought back the face of my Karl so plain!

My own brave boy! my only boy! the strength and hope of my lonely age!
The single treasure I had to give, to King and Country my loyal gage.

I thought of him as he marched away—he, the light of the dull old home!—
With the tear and smile in his bright blue eye for the grief behind and the glory to come;

I thought of the form I should not see as I watched that gleaming army wind,
Till a rush of tears and struggling sobs left me suddenly dumb and blind.

Ah, good God! what a ghastly change when I opened my eyes again—
Right through the heart of the shouting crowd, still and slow, like a funeral train,

All the length of the shining street, with the wreaths and banners overhead,
Moved, in the place of the living lines, a horrible army of the Dead!

White with the throe of the violent death, stained with blood, and blackened with shell,
Each with its motionless eyes on mine, came many a face I knew full well:

Came at last the face that I sought, the face I dreaded and longed to see—
My own dear boy! my only boy! with the motionless eyes upturned to me!

Then in my pain I shrieked aloud, and the good God took my sense away:
The sun was hot for a feeble head, as if in a dream I heard them say—

I heard them say, when I woke at last to the quiet and rest of the darkened room.
I could not tell to a stranger's ear that terrible vision of the tomb.

But often, still, when the setting sun lies low on the head-stones over there,
The cross that stands by an empty mound seems to fade on the glimmering air—

Seems to change to a form I know, with the motionless eyes on mine again,
Come back to my sight as then he came from his nameless grave on the battle-plain!

Ah, well! with me it is evening too, and either side of the dark is light:
To-day my country, to-morrow my boy!—it is but to wait through the little night.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is often said that Americans "live too fast." This is true in more than one aspect. We are not, as a people, lazy, although there are plenty of lazy people, who, having frittered away the winter season in city amusements and dissipations, fled with the first breath of summer to fashionable retreats, and are now whiling away the "season" in frivolous gayeties. But there are hundreds in our great city, devoted to business and literature, who all the year round rise early and sit up late, with a pressure upon every moment of time. Their work is never finished. With each new day comes a series of new duties or a repetition of old ones. They have no time for quiet home recreation, no time to give to their families, no time to take a refreshing excursion, no time to sleep half enough, no time to think—there is only a ceaseless recurrence of duties to be performed. Now hard work will not injure a healthy person, if physiologically arranged, be that work bodily or mental. But a certain amount of rest, sleep, and recreation is essential to all. For a few years, perhaps, a man may work from early dawn till into the small hours of night, giving himself little relaxation and little sleep. But the nervous system will have its revenge if overworked. Let those too busy people who are rushing through life at railroad speed learn betimes the necessity of stopping at the proper stations to take in a supply of water and fuel; otherwise there will be a sudden "smash-up." In other words, take enough sleep; take some rest, free from business thoughts, every day if possible; take an annual vacation of two or three weeks at least. Your business will suffer? Possibly; but more probably, after a pleasant change of scene and a good supply of fresh country air, you will find yourself feeling like another person, and able to accomplish the work before you more rapidly and more satisfactorily for the brief respite. Let wife and daughters cordially reduce household and personal expenditures—if there be need—that the husband and father may feel that he can *afford* to take a little rest during the midsummer. Instead of a long sojourn for the daughters at some expensive watering-place, substitute a short and simple trip which will include the whole family, and see if the benefit therefrom is not apparent for months afterward.

The weapons taken from rioters on the 12th of July consisted of dirks, bowie-knives, clubs; small pistols, revolvers of all sizes, and horse-pistols, all loaded. A large quantity of powder, ball, and fixed ammunition was also taken, together with brickbats, cobble-stones, and other missiles. One weapon—a home-made gutta-percha club, or billy—attracted general attention, as, in the hands of a powerful man, it could have felled an ox. From sixty-two persons who were arrested in the early part of the day the detectives took seventy-eight deadly weapons, most of which were pistols, and those having these weapons invariably had several boxes of cartridges. Those not having fire-arms had swords, daggers, sheath-knives; and one fellow, with murder in his heart, had a trowel with all its edges ground sharp, thus converting it into a most terrible instrument of death.

The projected Greek church, to be erected on Lexington Avenue at the expense of the Russian government, is to be in the Byzantine style of architecture, with the altar facing the east—a feature peculiar to the Greek Church.

The Indiana girl who has been afflicted with a snake, which at intervals thrust its head out of her mouth and instantly retreated down her throat, has been relieved. A suspicious physician prepared for sharp work the other morning, and, when the snake appeared, seized the poor woman by the neck, so that the reptile might not retreat. Lo! when disgorged, nothing more formidable than an India rubber imitation of a snake came forth; and now the poor girl's occupation is gone.

A gentleman of "one of the first families" of the Old Dominion having transmitted a present of a quantity of tobacco to Bismarck, to be divided between the Emperor, the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Karl, and the great minister, Bismarck writes in acknowledgment—so says a Richmond paper—that, as the Emperor does not smoke, the gift has been divided among the other three beneficiaries. He adds: "His Imperial Highness, who happens to prefer the pipe to the cigar, has requested me to express to you his thanks for your kind attention and his satisfaction at the high quality of your produce. I beg to add, also, my thanks, and the hope that the weed will only serve to replenish the calumet of peace." If, now, we should have the name of the new brand, the location of the proprietor's warehouse, a description of the trade-mark adopted, and the quantity of packages already sold, the real design of the gift—achieving a first-class advertisement—might be realized.

A German newspaper has taken the census of the cannibal races of the globe, and finds that they amount to 1,943,000, or about the 690th part of its population.

"First catch your turbot," said somebody, when asked to give the recipe for making turbot soup. A similar remark might fittingly have been made to a very corpulent gentleman who called at the office of the Probate Judge of Cincinnati the other day and asked for a marriage-certificate. The accommodating clerk of course seized the blank with avidity, put down the date, inserted the applicant's name, and then asked the impatient lover the name of the prospective bride. The interrogated stared blankly at his questioner, stuck his hands in his pockets, and finally acknowledged that he did not know. When the clerk told him that the name was essential to the legality of the license the unhappy man departed, saying he would find out and call again.

Ashland, the famous homestead of Henry Clay, has been purchased by the University of Kentucky for $90,000.

Moonlight on Lake George! If ever you have seen it, gentle reader, the memory of it is still fresh—a perfect picture from a perfect artist's hand. The "silvery waters"—for so the Indians called this beautiful sheet—are surpassingly lovely, whether seen at mid-day, or in the deepening shadows of sunset, or glimmering beneath the rays of the pale moon. But by moonlight the lake, so proverbially clear, seems to acquire an additional transparency; the mountains, keeping guard on either side, cast their tremulous shadows on its limpid bosom; the three hundred and sixty-five islands, more lovely by the softened light, yet stand out in bold relief; and, sailing gently along, you feel that no waters po[illegible] wonderful charm as those of [illegible] George. [illegible] charm which soothes and [illegible] spirits, giving a dreamy conviction that you are floating in a haven of peace.

A wealthy Englishman is making a tour of America on foot. He recently walked from Boston to Niagara Falls in twelve days, carrying a valise of fifty pounds weight strapped on his back. He prefers to see this country on foot, as he can then give a full description to his friends. He is now on his way to San Francisco.

It is reported that two young ladies have offered themselves for admission to the next Freshman class at Amherst College. The question of admitting women as students is now under consideration, the trustees of that institution having appointed President Stearns, Rev. Henry W. Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Paine a committee to investigate the matter, and report their views next October. Mr. Beecher's present opinion is pretty well known; and in a speech at the Amherst College jubilee he took strong ground in favor of giving women the benefits of collegiate instruction, and also stated that he thought true economy demanded that men and women should be educated together, thus preventing a necessity for multiplying colleges. He remarked also:

> "I know it is settled that women are different from men. Of course they are. I know it is said that they can not do every thing that men can do. I do not want them to. If you plant a rose-tree and lilacs in the same ground, they will bear their respective flowers and foliage. So from a collegiate course a woman will take that which assimilates with her own nature, and will be a woman still, and not a womanish man. A woman would make a womanly use of this education, and that is what I want to see—a woman's own influence brought to bear in art and literature; it is to make her more woman, and with her power will still be womanly pure. Highly developed in culture, her refining influences will be richer and more heavenly."

What a likeness to Paris in its season of madness did the streets of New York show on the occasion of the late riot! Three ruffians in Eighth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, seeing a lady who wore orange-colored ribbon on her bonnet, immediately attacked her, and tore the bonnet into fragments. The lady fled into one of the shops, where she was protected. Not far from the same place a poor woman foolishly waved her handkerchief as an encouragement to the Orangemen and the military, when a villain stepped up behind her, placed a pistol at her head, and literally shot off the top of her head!

The so-called "Cardiff Giant" has made a very good thing of it, traveling around from place to place. Recently this venerable personage visited New Haven, and, strange to say, many persons gave credit to the greatest absurdities concerning it, although the "humbug" has been fully exposed. The *American Journal of Science and Art* for July publishes the real facts concerning this sham as they have been ascertained from one who was cognizant of the origin and progress of the statue. The block of gypsum from which the Cardiff Giant was carved was quarried near Fort Dodge, in Iowa, where there is an inexhaustible supply of massive gypsum of the mesozoic age. It was transported to Chicago, where Mr. Buckhardt, a well-known marble-worker of that city, contracted with the originators of the scheme to produce a gigantic recumbent figure of a man. This figure was first modeled in clay, and then transferred to stone. The appearance of age was given by treating the surface with acids, and this effect was subsequently heightened by the grime and soil of a seven months' interment. Thus prepared, the newly made antique was transported to the Newell farm, where, by the aid of work-people brought from a distance, it was placed in its resting-place, near the bed of a small stream. Those engaged in the work of removal and interment were taken away furtively, and thus no one at or near Syracuse but those engaged in the speculation knew of its existence. By a singular accident, an eye-witness to its making in the Chicago workshop happened to be in Syracuse at the time its discovery was announced, and, visiting the Newell farm with the crowd of curious spectators, was surprised to see there his old acquaintance half buried in the earth.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

IF Maurice Kearney had been put to the question, he could not have concealed the fact, that the human being he most feared and dreaded in life was his neighbor Miss Betty O'Shea.

With two years of seniority over him, Miss Betty had bullied him as a child, snubbed him as a youth, and opposed and sneered at him ever after; and to such an extent did her influence over his character extend, according to his own belief, that there was not a single good trait of his nature she had not thwarted by ridicule, nor a single evil temptation to which he had yielded that had not come out of sheer opposition to that lady's dictation.

Malevolent people, indeed, had said that Maurice Kearney had once had matrimonial designs on Miss Betty, or, rather, on that snug place and nice property called "O'Shea's Barn," of which she was sole heiress; but he most stoutly declared this story to be groundless, and in a forcible manner asseverated that had he been Robinson Crusoe and Miss Betty the only inhabitant of the island with him, he would have lived and died in celibacy rather than have contracted dearer ties.

Miss Betty, to give her the name by which she was best known, was no miracle of either tact or amiability, but she had certain qualities that could not be disparaged. She was a strict Catholic, charitable, in her own peculiar and imperious way, to the poor, very desirous to be strictly just and honest, and such a sure foe to every thing that she thought pretension or humbug of any kind—which meant any thing that did not square with her own habits—that she was perfectly intolerable to all who did not accept herself and her own mode of life as a model and an example.

Thus, a stout-bodied copper urn on the tea-table, a very uncouth jaunting-car, driven by an old man, whose only livery was a cockade, some very muddy port as a dinner wine, and whisky-punch afterward on the brown mahogany, were so many articles of belief with her, to dissent from any of which was a downright heresy.

Thus, after Nina arrived at the Castle, the appearance of napkins palpably affected her constitution; with the advent of finger-glasses she ceased her visits, and bluntly declined all invitations to dinner. That coffee and some indescribable liberties would follow, as post-prandial excesses, she secretly imparted to Kate Kearney, in a note, which concluded with the assurance that when the day of these enormities arrived, O'Shea's Barn would be open to her as a refuge and a sanctuary; "but not," added she, "with your cousin, for I'll not let the hussy cross my doors."

For months now this strict quarantine had lasted, and except for the interchange of some brief and very uninteresting notes, all intimacy had ceased between the two houses—a circumstance, I am loath to own, which was most ungallantly recorded every day after dinner by old Kearney, who drank, "Miss Betty's health, and long absence to her." It was, then, with no small astonishment Kate was overtaken in the avenue by Miss Betty on her old chestnut mare Judy, a small bog-boy mounted on the croup behind, to act as groom: for in this way Paddy Walshe was accustomed to travel, without the slightest consciousness that he was not in strict conformity with the ways of Rotten Row and the "Bois."

That there was nothing "stuck-up" or pretentious about this mode of being accompanied by one's groom—a proposition scarcely assailable—was Miss Betty's declaration, delivered in a sort of challenge to the world. Indeed, certain ticklesome tendencies in Judy, particularly when touched with the heel, seemed to offer the strongest protest against the practice; for whenever pushed to any increase of speed, or admonished in any way, the beast usually responded by a hoist of the haunches, which invariably compelled Paddy to clasp his mistress round the waist for safety—a situation which, however repugnant to maiden bashfulness, time, and perhaps necessity, had reconciled her to. At all events, poor Paddy's terror would have been the amplest refutation of scandal, while the stern immobility of Miss Betty during the embrace would have silenced even malevolence.

On the present occasion, a sharp canter of several miles had reduced Judy to a very quiet and decorous pace, so that Paddy and his mistress sat almost back to back — a combination that only long habit enabled Kate to witness without laughing.

"Are you alone up at the Castle, dear?" asked Miss Betty, as she rode along at her side; "or have you the house full of what the papers call 'distinguished company?'"

"We are quite alone, godmother. My brother is with us, but we have no strangers."

"I'm glad of it. I've come over to 'have it out' with your father, and it's pleasant to know we shall be to ourselves."

Now, as this announcement of having "it out" conveyed to Kate's mind nothing short of an open declaration of war, a day of reckoning on which Miss O'Shea would come prepared with a full indictment, and a resolution to prosecute to conviction, the poor girl shuddered at a prospect so certain to end in calamity.

"Papa, is very far from well, godmother," said she, in a mild way.

"So they tell me in the town," said the other, snappishly. "His brother magistrates said that the day he came in, about that supposed attack—the memorable search for arms—"

"Supposed attack! but, godmother, pray don't imagine we had invented all that. I think you know me well enough and long enough to know—"

"To know that you would not have had a young scamp of a Castle aid-de-camp on a visit during your father's absence, not to say any thing about amusing your English visitor by shooting down your own tenantry."

"Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, not for three."

"Two, then — one even — one minute, godmother, will convince you how you wrong me."

"I won't give you that. I didn't come over about you nor your affairs. When the father makes a fool of himself, why wouldn't the daughter? The whole country is laughing at him. His lordship, indeed! a ruined estate and a tenantry in rags; and the only remedy, as Peter Gill tells me, raising the rents—raising the rents where every one is a pauper!"

"What would you have him do, Miss O'Shea?" said Kate, almost angrily.

"I'll tell you what I'd have him do. I'd have him rise of a morning before nine o'clock, and be out with his laborers at daybreak. I'd have him reform a whole lazy household of blackguards, good for nothing but waste and wickedness. I'd have him apprentice your brother to a decent trade or a light business. I'd have him declare he'd kick the first man that called him 'My lord;' and for yourself—well, it's no matter—"

"Yes, but it is, godmother, a great matter to me at least. What about myself?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak of it, but it just dropped out of my lips by accident; and perhaps, though not pleasant to talk about, it's as well it was said and done with. I meant to tell your father that it must be all over between you and my nephew Gorman; that I won't have him back here on leave, as I intended. I know it didn't go far, dear. There was none of what they call love in the case. You would probably have liked one another well enough at last; but I won't have it, and it's better we came to the right understanding at once."

"Your curb-chain is loose, godmother," said the girl; who now, pale as death and trembling all over, advanced to fasten the link.

"I declare to the Lord, he's asleep!" said Miss Betty, as the wearied head of her page dropped heavily on her shoulder. "Take the curb off, dear, or I may lose it. Put it in your pocket for me, Kate; that is, if you wear a pocket."

"Of course I do, godmother. I carry very stout keys in it, too. Look at these."

"Ay, ay. I liked all that, once on a time, well enough, and used to think you'd be a good thrifty wife for a poor man; but with the viscount your father, and the young princess your first cousin, and the devil knows what of your fine brother, I believe the sooner we part good friends the better. Not but if you like my plan for you, I'll be just as ready as ever to aid you."

"I have not heard the plan yet," said Kate, faintly.

"Just a nunnery, then—no more nor less than that. The 'Sacred Heart' at Namur, or the Sisters of Mercy here at home in Bagot Street, I believe, if you like better—eh?"

"It is soon to be able to make up one's mind on such a point. I want a little time for this, godmother."

"You would not want time if your heart were in a holy work, Kate Kearney. It's little time you'd be asking, if I said will you have Gorman O'Shea for a husband?"

"There is such a thing as insult, Miss O'Shea, and no amount of long intimacy can license that."

"I ask your pardon, godchild. I wish you could know how sorry I feel."

"Say no more, godmother, say no more, I beseech you," cried Kate, and her tears now gushed forth, and relieved her almost bursting heart. "I'll take this short path through the shrubbery, and be at the door before you," cried she, rushing away; while Miss Betty, with a sharp touch of the spur, provoked such a plunge as effectually awoke Paddy, and apprised him that his duties as groom were soon to be in request.

While earnestly assuring him that some changes in his diet should be speedily adopted against somnolency, Miss Betty rode briskly on, and reached the hall door.

"I told you I should be first, godmother," said the girl; and the pleasant ring of her voice showed she had regained her spirits, or at least such self-control as enabled her to suppress her sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

A DOMESTIC DISCUSSION.

It is a not infrequent distress in small households, especially when some miles from a market-town, to make adequate preparation for an unexpected guest at dinner; but even this is a very inferior difficulty to that experienced by those who have to order the repast in conformity with certain rigid notions of a guest who will criticise the smallest deviation from the most humble standard, and actually rebuke the slightest pretension to delicacy of food or elegance of table equipage.

No sooner, then, had Kate learned that Miss O'Shea was to remain for dinner, than she immediately set herself to think over all the possible reductions that might be made in the fare, and all the plainness and simplicity that could be imparted to the service of the meal.

Napkins had not been the sole reform suggested by the Greek cousin. She had introduced flowers on the table, and so artfully had she decked out the board with fruit and ornamental plants, that she had succeeded in effecting by artifice what would have been an egregious failure if more openly attempted—the service of the dishes, one by one, to the guests, without any being placed on the table. These, with finger-glasses, she had already achieved, nor had she in the recesses of her heart given up the hope of seeing the day that her uncle would rise from the table as she did, give her his arm to the drawing-room, and bow profoundly as he left her. Of the inestimable advantages, social, intellectual, and moral, of this system, she had indeed been cautious to hold forth; for, like a great reformer, she was satisfied to leave her improvements to the slow test of time, "educating her public," as a great authority has called it, while she bided the result in patience.

Indeed, as poor Maurice Kearney was not to be indulged with the luxury of whisky-punch during his dinner, it was not easy to reply to his question, "When am I to have my tumbler?" as though he evidently believed the aforesaid "tumbler" was an institution that could not be abrogated or omitted altogether.

Coffee in the drawing-room was only a half success so long as the gentlemen sat over their wine; and as for the daily cigarette Nina smoked with it, Kate, in her simplicity, believed it was only done as a sort of protest at being deserted by those unnatural protectors who preferred poteen to ladies.

It was, therefore, in no small perturbation of mind that Kate rushed to her cousin's room with the awful tidings that Miss Betty had arrived and intended to remain for dinner.

"Do you mean the odious woman with the boy and bandbox behind her on horseback?" asked Nina, superciliously.

"Yes, she always travels in that fashion; she is odd and eccentric in scores of things, but a fine-hearted, honest woman, generous to the poor, and true to her friends."

"I don't care for her moral qualities, but I do bargain for a little outward decency, and some respect for the world's opinion."

"You will like her, Nina, when you know her."

"I shall profit by the warning. I'll take care not to know her."

"She is one of the oldest, I believe the oldest, friend our family has in the world."

"What a sad confession, child! but I have always deplored longevity."

"Don't be supercilious or sarcastic, Nina, but help me with your own good sense and wise advice. She has not come over in the best of humors. She has, or fancies she has, some difference to settle with papa. They seldom meet without a quarrel, and I fear this occasion is to be no exception; so do aid me to get things over pleasantly, if it be possible."

"She snubbed me the only time I met her. I tried to help her off with her bonnet, and, unfortunately, I displaced, if I did not actually remove, her wig, and she muttered something 'about a rope-dancer not being a dextrous lady's-maid.'"

"Oh, Nina, surely you do not mean—"

"Not that I was exactly a rope-dancer, Kate; but I had on a Greek jacket that morning of blue velvet and gold, and a white skirt, and perhaps these had some memories of the circus for the old lady."

"You are only jesting now, Nina."

"Don't you know me well enough to know that I never jest when I think, or even suspect, I am injured?"

"Injured!"

"It's not the word I wanted, but it will do; I used it in its French sense."

"You bear her no malice, I'm sure?" said the other, caressingly.

"No!" replied she, with a shrug that seemed to deprecate even having a thought about her.

"She will stay for dinner, and we must, as far as possible, receive her in the way she has been used to here—a very homely dinner, served as she has always seen it—no fruit or flowers on the table, no claret-cup, no finger-glasses."

"I hope no table-cloth; couldn't we have a tray on a corner table, and every one help himself as he strolled about the room?"

"Dear Nina, be reasonable just for this once."

"I'll come down just as I am, or, better still, I'll take down my hair and cram it into a net; I'd oblige her with dirty hands, if I only knew how to do it."

"I see you only say these things in jest: you really do mean to help me through this difficulty."

"But why a difficulty? what reason can you offer for all this absurd submission to the whims of a very tiresome old woman? Is she very rich, and do you expect a heritage?"

"No, no; nothing of the kind."

"Does she load you with valuable presents? Is she ever ready to commemorate birthdays and family festivals?"

"No."

"Has she any especial quality or gift beyond riding double and a bad temper? Oh, I was forgetting; she is the aunt of her nephew, isn't she?—the dashing lancer that was to spend his summer over here?"

"You were, indeed, forgetting when you said this," said Kate, proudly, and her face grew scarlet as she spoke.

"Tell me that you like him or that he likes you; tell me that there is something, any thing, between you, child, and I'll be discreet and mannerly, too; and more, I'll behave to the old lady with every regard to one who holds such dear interests in her keeping. But don't bandage my eyes, and tell me at the same time to look out and see."

"I have no confidences to make you," said Kate, coldly. "I came here to ask a favor—a very small favor, after all—and you might have accorded it, without question or ridicule."

"But which you never need have asked, Kate," said the other, gravely. "You are the mistress here; I am but a very humble guest. Your orders are obeyed, as they ought to be; my suggestions may be adopted now and then—partly in caprice, part compliment—but I know they have no permanence, no more take root here than—than myself."

"Do not say that, my dearest Nina," said Kate, as she threw herself on her neck, and kissed her affectionately again and again. "You are one of us, and we are all proud of it. Come along with me, now, and tell me all that you advise. You know what I wish, and you will forgive me even in my stupidity."

"Where's your brother?" asked Nina, hastily.

"Gone out with his gun. He'll not be back till he is certain Miss Betty has taken her departure."

"Why did he not offer to take me with him?"

"Over the bog, do you mean?"

"Any where; I'd not cavil about the road. Don't you know that I have days when 'don't care' masters me; when I'd do any thing, go any where—"

"Marry any one?" said the other, laughing.

"Yes; marry any one, as irresponsibly as if I was dealing with the destiny of some other that did not regard me. On these days I do not belong to myself, and this is one of them."

"I know nothing of such humors, Nina; nor do I believe it a healthy mind that has them."

"I did not boast of my mind's health, nor tell you to trust to it. Come, let us go down to the dinner-room, and talk that pleasant leg-of-mutton talk you know you are fond of."

"And best fitted for—say that," said Kate, laughing merrily.

The other did not seem to have heard her words, for she moved slowly away, calling on Kate to follow her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SMALL DINNER-PARTY.

It is sad to have to record that all Kate's persuasions with her cousin, all her own earnest attempts at conciliation, and her ably planned schemes to escape a difficulty, were only so much labor lost. A stern message from her father commanded her to make no change either in the house or the service of the dinner—an interference with domestic cares so novel on his part as to show that he had prepared himself for hostilities, and was resolved to meet his enemy boldly.

"It's no use, all I have been telling you, Nina," said Kate, as she re-entered her room, later in the day. "Papa orders me to have every thing as usual, and won't even let me give Miss Betty an early dinner, though he knows she has nine miles of a ride to reach home."

"That explains somewhat a message he has sent myself," replied Nina, "to wear my very prettiest toilet and my Greek cap, which he admired so much the other day."

"I am almost glad that *my* wardrobe has nothing attractive," said Kate, half sadly. "I certainly shall never be rebuked for my becomingness."

"And do you mean to say that the old woman would be rude enough to extend her comments to *me?*"

"I have known her do things quite as hardy, though I hope on the present occasion the other novelties may shelter you."

"Why isn't your brother here? I should insist on his coming down in discreet black, with a white tie, and that look of imposing solemnity young Englishmen assume for dinner."

"Dick guessed what was coming, and would not encounter it."

"And yet you tell me you submit to all this for no earthly reason. She can leave you no legacy, contribute in no way to your benefit. She has neither family, fortune, nor connections; and, except her atrocious manners and her indomitable temper, there is not a trait of her that claims to be recorded."

"Oh yes; she rides capitally to hounds, and hunts her own harriers to perfection."

"I am glad she has one quality that deserves your favor."

"She has others, too, which I like better than what they call accomplishments. She is very kind to the poor, never deterred by any sickness from visiting them, and has the same stout-hearted courage for every casualty in life."

"A commendable gift for a squaw, but what does a gentlewoman want with this same courage?"

"Look out of the window, Nina, and see where you are living! Throw your eyes over that great expanse of dark bog, vast as one of the great campagnas you have often described to us, and bethink you how mere loneliness—desolation—needs a stout heart to bear it; how the simple fact that for the long hours of a summer's day, or the longer hours of a winter's night, a lone woman has to watch and think of all the possible casualties lives of hardship and misery may impel men to. Do you imagine that she does not mark the growing discontent of the people? see their care-worn looks, dashed with a sullen determination, and hear in their voices the rising of a hoarse defiance that was never heard before? Does she not well know that every kindness she has bestowed, every merciful act she has ministered, would weigh for nothing in the balance on the day that she will be arraigned as a land-owner—the receiver of the poor man's rent? And will you tell me, after this, she can dispense with courage?"

"Bel paese davvero!" muttered the other.

"So it is!" cried Kate; "with all its faults, I'd not exchange it for the brightest land that ever glittered in a southern sun. But why should I tell you how jarred and disconcerted we are by laws that have no reference to our ways—conferring rights where we were once contented with trustfulness, and teaching men to do every thing by contract, and nothing by affection, nothing by good-will?"

"No, no, tell me none of all these; but tell me shall I come down in my Suliote jacket of yellow cloth, for I know it becomes me?"

"And if we women had not courage," went on Kate, not heeding the question, "what would our men do? Should we see them lead lives of bolder daring than the stoutest wanderer in Africa?"

"And my jacket, and my Theban belt?"

"Wear them all. Be as beautiful as you like, but don't be late for dinner." And Kate hurried away before the other could speak.

When Miss O'Shea, arrayed in a scarlet poplin and a yellow gauze turban—the month being August—arrived in the drawing-room before dinner, she found no one there—a circumstance that chagrined her so far that she had hurried her toilet and torn one of her gloves in her haste. "When they say six for the dinner-hour, they might surely be in the drawing-room by that hour," was Miss Betty's reflection, as she turned over some of the magazines and circulating-library books which since Nina's arrival had found their way to Kilgobbin. The contemptuous manner in which she treated *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*, and the indignant dash wth which she flung Trollope's last novel down, showed that she had not been yet corrupted by the light reading of the age. An unopened county newspaper, addressed to the Viscount Kilgobbin, had, however, absorbed all her attention, and she was more than half disposed to possess herself of the envelope, when Mr. Kearney entered.

His bright blue coat and white waistcoat, a profusion of shirt frill, and a voluminous cravat proclaimed dinner dress, and a certain pomposity of manner showed how an unusual costume had imposed on himself, and suggested an important event.

"I hope I see Miss O'Shea in good health?" said he, advancing.

"How are you, Maurice?" replied she, dryly. "When I heard that big bell thundering away, I was so afraid to be late that I came down with one bracelet, and I have torn my glove too."

"It was only the first bell—the dressing-bell," he said.

"Humph! That's something new since I was here last," said she, tartly.

"You remind me of how long it is since you dined with us, Miss O'Shea."

"Well, indeed, Maurice, I meant to be longer, if I must tell the truth. I saw enough the last day I lunched here to show me Kilgobbin was not what it used to be. You were all of you what my poor father—who was always thinking of the dogs—used to call 'on your hind-legs,' walking about very stately and very miserable. There were three or four covered dishes on the table that nobody tasted; and an old man, in red breeches, ran about in half distraction, and said, 'Sherry, my lord, or Madeira.' Many's the time I laughed over it since." And, as though to vouch for the truth of the mirthfulness, she lay back in her chair, and shook with hearty laughter.

Before Kearney could reply—for something like a passing apoplexy had arrested his words—the girls entered and made their salutations.

"If I had the honor of knowing you longer, Miss Costigan," said Miss O'Shea—for it was thus she translated the name Kostalergi—"I'd ask you why you couldn't dress like your cousin Kate. It may be all very well in the house, and it's safe enough here, there's no denying it; but my name's not Betty if you'd walk down Kilbeggin without a crowd yelling after you and calling names, too, that a respectable young woman wouldn't bargain for; eh, Maurice, is that true?"

"There's the dinner-bell now," said Maurice; "may I offer my arm?"

"It's thin enough that arm is getting, Maurice Kearney," said she, as he walked along at her side. "Not but it's time, too. You were born in the September of 1809, though your mother used to deny it; and you're now a year older than your father was when he died."

"Will you take this place?" said Kearney, placing her chair for her. "We're a small party to-day. I see Dick does not dine with us."

"Maybe I hunted him away. The young gentlemen of the present day are frank enough to say what they think of old maids. That's very elegant, and I'm sure it's refined," said she, pointing to the mass of fruit and flowers so tastefully arranged before her. "But I was born in a time when people liked to see what they were going to eat, Maurice Kearney, and as I don't intend to break my fast on a stock-gillyflower, or make a repast of raisins, I prefer the old way. Fill up my glass whenever it's empty," said she to the servant, "and don't bother me with the name of it. As long as I know the King's County, and that's more than fifty years, we've been calling Cape Madeira, sherry!"

"If we know what we are drinking, Miss O'Shea, I don't suppose it matters much."

"Nothing at all, Maurice. Calling you the Viscount Kilgobbin, as I read a while ago, won't confuse me about an old neighbor."

"Won't you try a cutlet, godmother?" asked Kate, hurriedly.

"Indeed I will, my dear. I don't know why I was sending the man away. I never saw this way of dining before, except at the poor-house, where each poor creature has his plateful given him, and pockets what he can't eat." And here she laughed long and heartily at the conceit.

Kearney's good-humor relished the absurdity, and he joined in the laugh, while Nina stared at the old woman as an object of dread and terror.

"And that boy that wouldn't dine with us—how is he turning out, Maurice? They tell me he's a bit of a scamp."

"He's no such thing, godmother! Dick is as good a fellow and as right-minded as ever lived, and you yourself would be the first to say it, if you saw him," cried Kate, angrily.

"So would the young lady yonder, if I might judge from her blushes," said Miss Betty, looking at Nina. "Not indeed but it's only now I'm remembering that you're not a boy. That little red cap and that thing you wear round your throat deceived me."

"It is not the lot of every one to be so fortunate in a head-dress as Miss O'Shea," said Nina, very calmly.

"If it's my wig you are envying me, my dear," replied she, quietly, "there's nothing easier than to have the own brother of it. It was made by Crimp, of Nassau Street, and box and all cost four pound twelve."

"Upon my life, Miss Betty," broke in Kearney, "you are tempting me to an extravagance." And he passed his hand over his sparsely-covered head as he spoke.

"And I would not, if I was you, Maurice Kearney," said she, resolutely. "They tell me that in that House of Lords you are going to more than half of them are bald."

There was no possible doubt that she meant by this speech to deliver a challenge, and Kate's look, at once imploring and sorrowful, appealed to her for mercy.

"No, thank you," said Miss Betty, to the servant who presented a dish, "though, indeed, maybe I'm wrong, for I don't know what's coming."

"This is the 'menu,'" said Nina, handing a card to her.

"The bill of fare, godmother," said Kate, hastily.

"Well, indeed, it's a kindness to tell me; and if there are any more novelties to follow, perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me, for I never dined in the Greek fashion before."

"The Russian, I believe, madam, not the Greek," said Nina.

"With all my heart, my dear. It's about the same, for whatever may happen to Maurice Kearney or myself, I don't suspect either of us will go to live at Moscow."

"You'll not refuse a glass of port with your cheese?" said Kearney.

"Indeed I will, then, if there's any beer in the house, though perhaps it's too vulgar a liquor to ask for."

While the beer was being brought, a solemn silence ensued, and a less comfortable party could not easily be imagined.

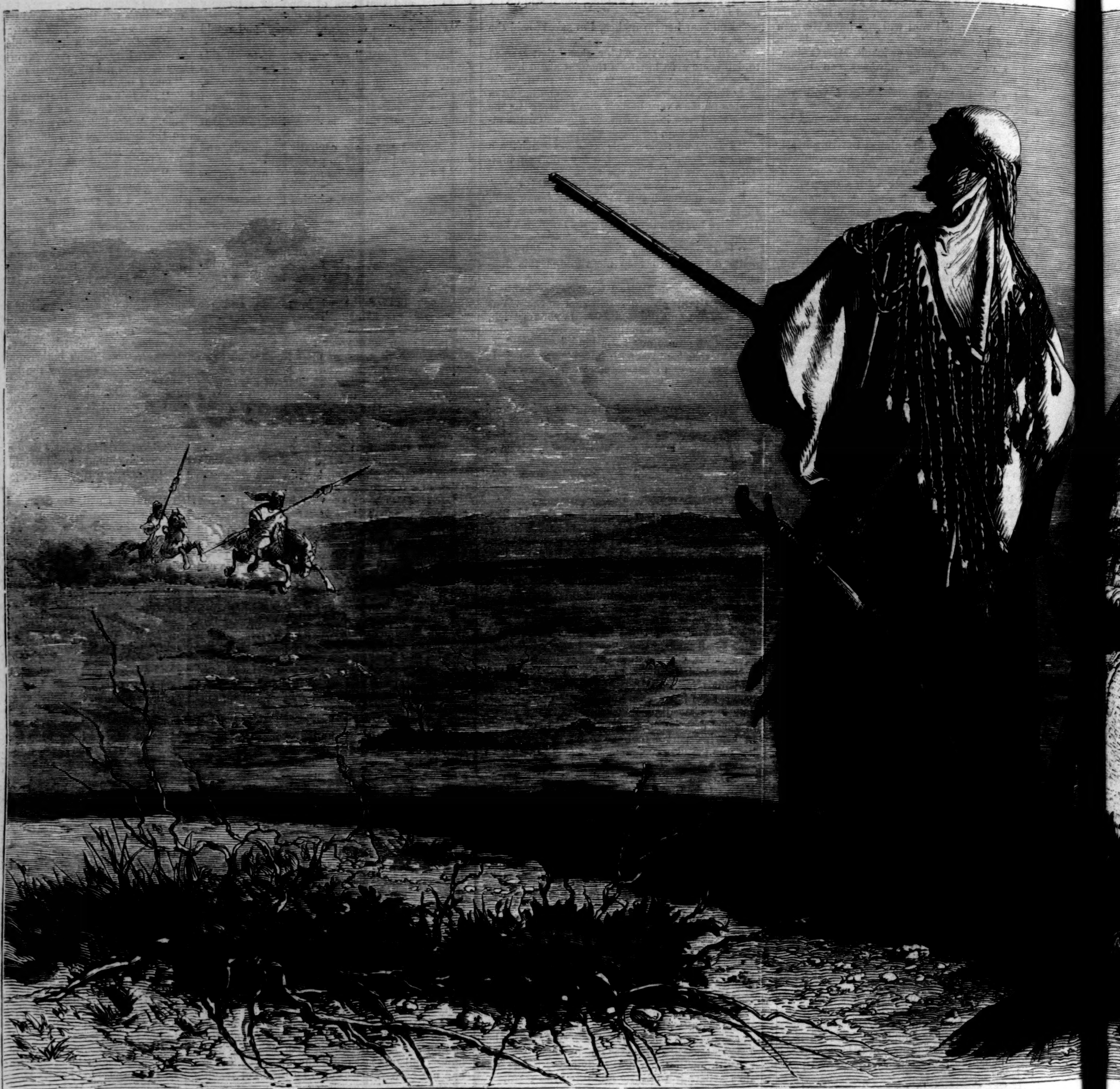
When the interval had been so far prolonged that Kearney himself saw the necessity to do something, he placed his napkin on the table, leaned forward with a half motion of rising, and, addressing Miss Betty, said, "Shall we adjourn to the drawing-room, and take our coffee?"

"I'd rather stay where I am, Maurice Kearney, and have that glass of port you offered me a while ago, for the beer was flat. Not that I'll detain the young people, nor keep yourself away from them very long."

When the two girls withdrew, Nina's look of insolent triumph at Kate betrayed the tone she was soon to take in treating of the old lady's good manners.

"You had a very sorry dinner, Miss Betty, but I can promise you an honest glass of wine," said Kearney, filling her glass.

"It's very nice," said she, sipping the wine.



"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

WA

"though, maybe, like myself, it's just a trifle too old."

"A good fault, Miss Betty, a good fault."

"For the wine, perhaps," said she, dryly; "but maybe it would taste better if I had not bought it so dearly."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I was about to say that I have forfeited that young lady's esteem by the way I obtained it. She'll never forgive me, instead of retiring for my coffee, sitting here like a man—and a man of that old hard-drinking school, Maurice, that has brought all the ruin on Ireland."

"Here's to their memory, any way," said Kearney, drinking off his glass.

"I'll drink no toasts nor sentiments, Maurice Kearney; and there's no artifice or roguery will make me forget I'm a woman and an O'Shea."

"Faix, you'll not catch me forgetting either," said Maurice, with a droll twinkle of his eye, which it was just as fortunate escaped her notice.

"I doubted for a long time, Maurice Kearney, whether I'd come over myself, or whether I'd write you a letter; not that I am good at writing, but, somehow, one can put their ideas more clear, and say things in a way that will fix them more in the mind; but at last I determined I'd come, though it's more than likely it's the last time Kilgobbin will see me here."

"I sincerely trust that you are mistaken, so far."

"Well, Maurice, I'm not often mistaken. The woman that has managed an estate for more than forty years, been her own land-steward and her own law-agent, doesn't make a great many blunders; and, as I said before, if Maurice has no friend to tell him the truth among the men of his acquaintance, it's well that there is a woman to the fore who has courage and good sense to go up and do it."

She looked fixedly at him, as though expecting some concurrence in the remark, if not some intimation to proceed; but neither came, and she continued.

"I suppose you don't read the Dublin newspapers?" said she, civilly.

"I do, and every day the post brings them."

"You see, therefore, without my telling you, what the world is saying about you. You see how they treat 'the search for arms,' as they head it, and 'the maid of Saragossa!' Oh, Maurice Kearney! Maurice Kearney! whatever happened the old stock of the land, they never made themselves ridiculous."

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" asked he, with assumed calm.

"Done! Why, it's only beginning I am," cried she. "Not but I'd bear a deal of blackguarding from the press; as the old woman said when the soldier threatened to run his bayonet through her, 'Devil thank you, it's only your trade.' But when we come to see the head of an old family making ducks and drakes of his family property, threatening the old tenants that have been on the land as long as his own people, raising the rent here, evicting there, distressing the people's minds when they've just as much as they can to bear up with—then it's time for an old friend and neighbor to give a timely warning, and cry 'stop.'"

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" And now his voice was more stern than before.

"I have not, nor near done, Maurice Kearney. I've said nothing of the way you're bringing up your family—that son, in particular—to make him think himself a young man of fortune, when you know in your heart you'll leave him little more than the mortgages on the estate. I have not told you that it's one of the jokes of the capital to call him the Honorable Dick Kearney, and to ask him after his father the viscount."

"You haven't done yet, Miss O'Shea?" said he, now with a thickened voice.

"No, not yet," replied she, calmly; "not yet; for I'd like to remind you of the way you're behaving to the best of the whole of you—the only one, indeed, that's worth much in the family—your daughter Kate."

"Well, what have I done to wrong *her?*" said he, carried beyond his prudence by so astounding a charge.

"The very worst you could do, Maurice Kearney; the only mischief it was in your power, maybe. Look at the companion you have given her! Look at the respectable young lady you've brought home to live with your decent child!"

"You'll not stop?" cried he, almost choking with passion.

"Not till I've told you why I came here, Maurice Kearney; for I'd beg you to understand it was no interest about yourself or your doings brought me. I came to tell you that I mean to be free about an old contract we once made—that I revoke it all. I was fool enough to believe that an alliance between our families would have made me entirely happy, and my nephew, Gorman O'Shea, was brought up to think the same. I have lived to know better, Maurice Kearney: I have lived to see that we don't suit each other at all, and I have come here to declare to you formally that it's all off. No nephew of mine shall come here for a wife. The heir to Shea's Barn sha'n't bring the mistress of it out of Kilgobbin Castle."

"Trust *me* for that, old lady," cried he, forgetting all his good manners in his violent passion.

"You'll be all the freer to catch a young aid-de-camp from the Castle," said she, sneeringly; "or maybe, indeed, a young lord—a rank equal to your own."

"Haven't you said enough?" screamed he, wild with rage.

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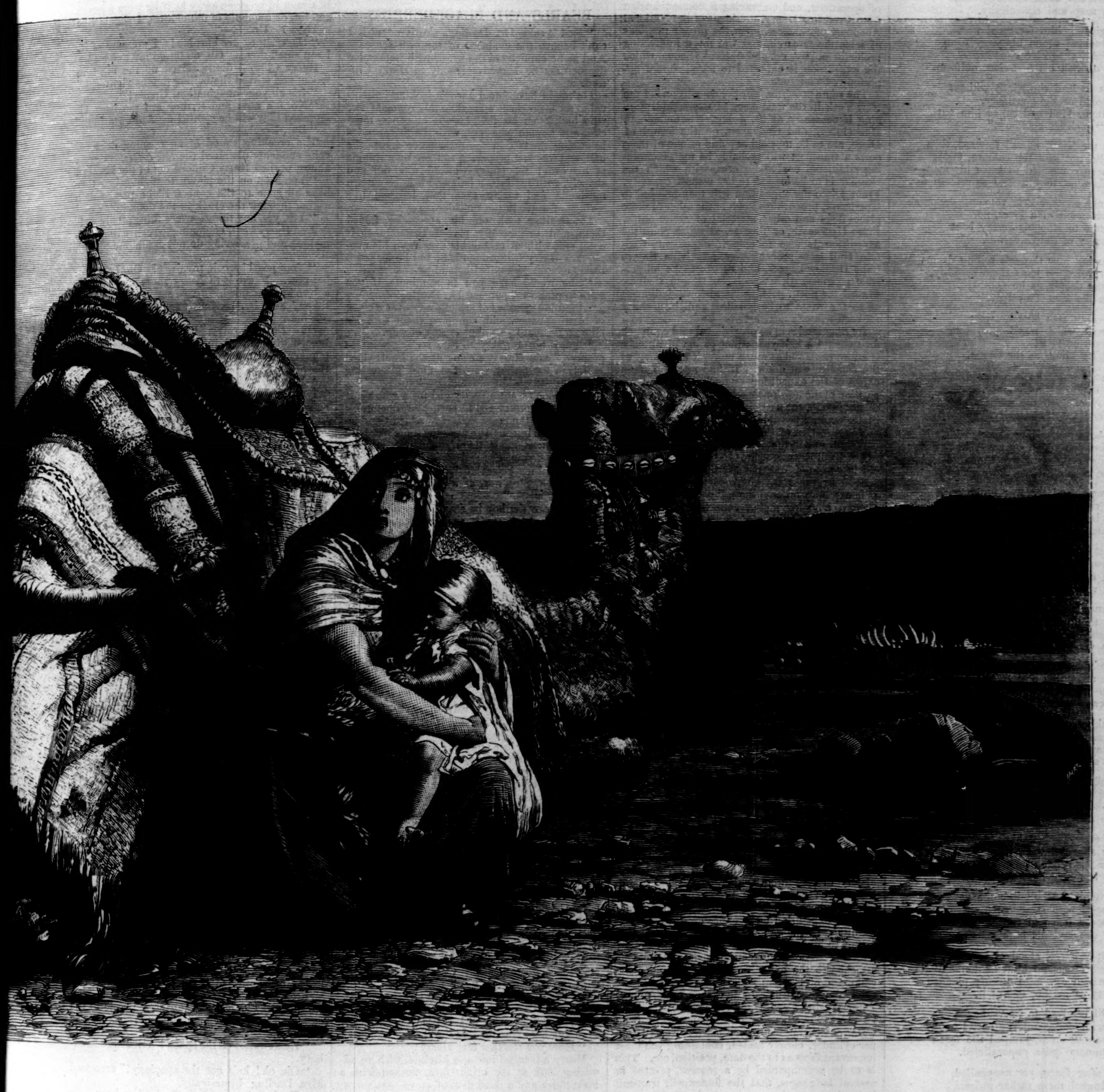

T." WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY CARL HAAG.]

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with passion, and your
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at my feet."
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once wanted to mar-
have put your hand
have put myself alto-
her."
Sir," said she, haugh-
between us."
me!" ejaculated he,
mine comes courting
better not."
I intend it, Maurice
I'm thinking. And
pleasant evening I've
society, I'll take my
s of your company till
he, with well-feigned
self away, Mr. Kear-
u to stop the night,

Miss Betty?" asked he, in a tone of insinuation. "Well, at least you'll let me ring to order your horse?"

"You may do that, if it amuses you, Maurice Kearney; but, meanwhile, I'll just do what I've always done in the same place—I'll just go look for my own beast and see her saddled myself; and as Peter Gill is leaving you to-morrow, I'll take him back with me to-night."

"Is he going to you?" cried he, passionately.

"He's going to *me*, Mr. Kearney, with your leave, or without it, I don't know which I like best." And with this she swept out of the room, while Kearney closed his eyes and lay back in his chair, stunned and almost stupefied.

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

IT is many years since Mr. CARL HAAG for the first time made acquaintance with desert life in that Oriental journey in which he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert;" yet, as in the case of other artists who have acquired a like experience, the desert and its nomadic races seem to have maintained a fascination over his mind beyond all the impressions he has received elsewhere. He has painted the picturesque peasantry of Italy, the still glorious ruins of Athens, the primitive interiors and people of the Bavarian highlands, and courtly scenes in highlands nearer home, yet, to the best of our recollection, his most important and powerful drawings owe their subjects to the deserts of Syria. It must be admitted that in those deserts costumes are still worn of unrivaled picturesqueness and of immemorial antiquity; that *there* are to be found types of character, in face and form, of singular and exqusite refinement; and that there, also, the modes of life are necessarily checkered with numerous incidents suitable for artistic treatment.

The accompanying picture, engraved from a splendid work in the exhibition of the Old Water-Color Society, in London, is one of the interesting series of Eastern illustrations to which we allude—a series of drawings which, for largeness of scale and force of effect, has seldom been equaled in the medium of water-colors. Here the peace of a traveling family is imperiled and their lives menaced by roving Bedawees of the more lawless tribes, direct descendants, it would seem, of ISHMAEL, whose "hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Bedawees generally move from place to place in whole tribes. Yet not unfrequently they are to be met as single wanderers—a camel carrying the wife and child, or children, the provisions, and the small property of the family, and the man walking by its side armed with a long gun and sword, and sometimes, though not often, also wearing a pistol or yataghan in his girdle. These stray nomads are more readily available for pictorial representation than whole caravans. They have, besides, an air of greater daring. Their firm step, their keen, bold features, their restless, watchful eye, the wife's entire confidence in her husband's protection, and the children's innocence and unconsciousness of danger, convey at a glance striking suggestions of their life. Manifold are the dangers they incur; far more than beset whole tribes. Every rock, sand-heap, or other projection may conceal a lurking foe. The man can never be quite at ease; his eye ceaselessly scans the desert plain; his ear is on the alert for every sound. After an exhausting journey of many days he may, on approaching a well in hope of obtaining a fresh supply of water, find it surrounded by a hostile tribe, and be compelled to hide at a distance, sometimes, perhaps, till it is too late. At night the only bed for himself and his family must be the desert sand; no tent must protect them from the chill night winds, for that might betray him to enemies who are ever on the watch to capture and enslave him and his dear ones.

The Bedawee before us has made his dispositions for a halt at evening on his journey over the far-reaching and trackless desert. The tired camel, the "ship" of the sandy seas, being brought to a stand, lies down; and the man, according to custom, has "hobbled" one of his legs to prevent the creature rising, when freed from his living load, and bolting, leaving those behind to perish. The mother, also, has been giving suck to her babe; when, lo! on the horizon suddenly loom through the gathering mists of evening the forms of horsemen; they swiftly approach; they charge toward the inoffensive travelers with leveled lances and hostile gestures; they are evidently marauders of the desert, bent on robbery and ready for murder. There is no possibility of escape; there is nothing to be done but to stand on the defensive. So the man steps courageously forth with his firelock, his finger on the trigger; he must not miss his aim, for there will be no time to reload, and he will be unequally matched with only his sword to parry the lance thrusts. But his heart will not fail him; his trust is in Allah; and, to give the words of SHAKSPEARE, quoted by Mr. HAAG in the catalogue,

> "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Woe to the assailant who approaches too near! In all likelihood, however, they will sheer off on seeing the bold front of their intended victim. Meanwhile the wife (whose beauty may be the chief cause of the attack) seeks shelter for herself and child beside the camel as behind a castle wall. She is naturally alarmed; but she trusts in the well-tried bravery of her lord, and she presses her babe to her bosom, prepared to die in its defense.

THE FLIGHT OF FISK.

Jim Fisk arose from dreams of wrath,
In purple-dyed sublimity,[*]
And took his usual morning bath
With soap and equanimity.

Then, girding him for cruel war,
He buckled round his puny form
His bright, expensive cimetar,
And donned his first-class uniform.

He was to lead the Ninth without
Or horse or light artillery,
And Mayor Hall had called him out
For "qualities an*cill*ary."

But as the Ninth moved forward, then
He did not lead the column, for
He'd been compelled to leave his men—
That's what they looked so solemn for.

'Twas not another Erie vote,
Appointment of a lover, nor—
He'd gone to stop his Jersey boat
By order of the Governor.

But hearing now through rolling drums
Their voice, he joins them speedily,
Reflecting deeply as he comes
Upon the Riot Tweed-ily.

No *sabre de mon père* he wore,
No coat, which was improperer;
Thermometer at 94—
He'd left them at the Opera.

No matter now, the line was dressed
Just opposite the Armory,
While close upon the soldiers pressed
Of rioters a "swarmery."

These bore a scowling aspect, which
No London rough or navvy knew;
And now Fisk saw three thousand *sich*
Come rushing down the avenue.

A moment, and the row broke out,
The rumpus and the rioting,
Sticks, bricks, and bullets flew about,
All nervous folk disquieting.

Without his hat, without his sword,
He rushed into the thick of it,
Till, in a moment, he was floored,
And very, very sick of it.

His comrades coming to his aid,
And finding him quite quakery,
His manly person straight conveyed
To a convenient bakery.

But such determined strength of mind,
Such resolution still is his,
Though crippled, he ne'er looked behind—
His case was like Achilles's.

And taking up his foot, he ran—
What stanch, unyielding will he had!—
More rapidly than any man
That's mentioned in the Iliad.

His comrades' voices rent the air—
"For ankle smashed what speed it is!"
They shouted, "*Ce n'est pas la guerre,*
Mais c'est superbe, indeed it is!"

Oh, where was then his coach-and-four?
Why should he not have sent for it?
He saw instead an open door,
And instantly he went for it.

On through the hall into the yard
He sped with strange temerity;
But here a fence his progress barred,
And checked his high celerity.

An empty barrel stood at hand
(There seems no kind of doubt of it),
With which our hero quickly planned
A way of getting out of it.

For still resolved to hurry hence,
He with one hand the barrel held,
And leaping on it, jumped the fence
In manner quite unparalleled.

Fence after fence, yet unappalled,
He leaped them rather quieter,
And through a basement window crawled
To come upon a rioter.

A dressing he received from Pat,
But this was not inimical—
Old coat, old pantaloons, old hat,
Which made him pantomimical.

A New Departure now he ruled—
How blest to make a ride of it;
A passing cab contained Jay Gould!
And so he got inside of it.

Thence to the Hoffman House they drove;
But as the mob still harried him,
To Sandy Hook our downy cove
A steamer quickly carried him.

At last, supported by his friend,
His wits beclouded, waxy, dense,
Long Branch he reached, the happy end
Of all his morning accidents.

And now 'twill be the final sum
Of all incomprehensibles,
If Fighting Fisk should not become
Field-Marshal of the Fencibles.

Who struck the blow that laid Fisk low
Remains a hidden mystery;
His name, bedad, a Mac or O,[†]
Will ne'er be writ in history.

But happily this thing is plain:
To keep whatever pledge he meant,
He did not seek to strike the Braine
Of that intrepid regiment.

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[*] Mrs. Browning.

[†] Not Maquereau.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The Navy Department has published official instructions for the guidance of Captain Hall's arctic expedition, setting forth in detail the plan of operations, and embracing a communication from Professor Henry, president of the National Academy of Sciences, upon the proper methods of scientific research, and the more interesting problems in physical and natural science, which the expedition is expected to solve, should opportunity be offered.

The route prescribed for the expedition is from New York to the west coast of Greenland, stopping if necessary at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Holsteinberg and Godhaven, on the island of Disco, are to be touched at; and at one of these ports a transport will probably be met, containing additional coal and stores, with which the steamer is to be loaded to her utmost capacity. From Disco the expedition will then proceed to Upernavik, procuring at one or the other of these places dogs and other material of arctic outfit. From Upernavik, or Trossac, at which point the expedition is also to stop if expedient, Captain Hall is to proceed across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Digges, and thence make all possible progress, with vessels, boats, and sledges, toward the north pole, using his own judgment as to the route to be pursued, and the locality for each winter's quarters.

As the vessel will be provisioned and equipped for two and a half years, that period of absence is authorized, and as much more, if necessary, as the supplies will allow. If, however, the main object of the expedition—namely, obtaining the position of the north pole—be accomplished at an earlier period, the party is to return to the United States with all possible dispatch.

The direction of the scientific operations is to be given, under the command of Captain Hall, to Dr. Emil Bessels, who is to receive all possible aid in accomplishing the scientific work as prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences. It is expressly ordered that all objects of natural history, ethnology, etc., collected by any one during the expedition, shall be turned over to Dr. Bessels, as the property of the United States, no person being permitted to retain any specimen whatever. Every qualified person of the expedition is instructed to keep a strictly private journal, to be read during the voyage by no person but the writer. These journals are to be turned over to the government on the return of the expedition.

Captain S. O. Buddington is to act as the sailing and ice master of the expedition; and in the event of the death of Captain Hall, Captain Buddington and Dr. Bessels are to consult as to the propriety of carrying out further the instructions given, the former gentleman, however, continuing as sailing and ice master, and the latter, as chief of the scientific department, to direct all sledge journeys and scientific operations. Should there be any irreconcilable difference of opinion between the two as to the nature and character of the future work of the expedition, Captain Buddington is to assume command and return to the United States at once.

Reports of progress are to be transmitted to the Navy Department by every opportunity, and conspicuous stone monuments are to be erected at the most prominent points of progress, there being deposited near each, in accordance with confidential marks agreed upon, a condensed history of operations, with a description of the route upon which it is proposed to proceed. Should it become necessary to abandon the vessel, the expedition is to endeavor to reach the localities frequented by whalers, using every means to bring back the crew in safety, together with the records and collections. All persons attached to the expedition are to be under the command of Captain Hall, and subjected to the rules and regulations of the Navy Department. After passing Cape Dudley Digges there is to be thrown overboard daily, whenever in open water or drifting icebergs, a bottle, or small copper cylinder, closely sealed, containing the most important facts as to the date, position, etc. This is to be accompanied by a request, printed in several languages, that the finder will transmit it by the most direct route to the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington.

On the return of the expedition all records of whatever kind are to be transmitted to the department, with the exception of the scientific notes, which, with the collections in natural history, etc., are to be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Finally, the history of the expedition is to be prepared by Captain Hall, while the scientific results will be digested and edited by Dr. Bessels, under the direction and authority of the president of the National Academy of Sciences.

The communication from Professor Henry, accompanying the official instructions of the Navy Department, is quite copious in its details, and furnishes information as to points of inquiry and hints in regard to methods of prosecuting research, and will serve as an excellent manual of research for arctic travelers generally.

In Captain Hall, assisted by Captain Buddington, the expedition has all the material necessary for cautious yet intrepid guidance into the polar regions; while by Dr. Bessels and his assistants (Mr. Bryan for the astronomical and magnetical work, and Mr. Myers, of the United States Signal Corps, as meteorologist) the purely scientific departments will be properly attended to.

From Professor Henry's communication we learn that the different departments of the government have rendered special aid to Captain Hall, the principal, of course, being the Navy Department, which has furnished the vessel, completely equipped with stores and supplies for the journey. The Coast Survey has contributed astronomical and magnetical instruments; the Hydrographic Office, a transit instrument and sextant, chronometers, etc.; the Signal Corps, anemometers, thermometers, barometers, etc.; and the Smithsonian Institution, various articles of physical apparatus and natural history outfit.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling, slowly—"no! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses!" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

"Yes; but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the intertwined D.J.D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy!" ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a willfu' man maun hae his way,' and I shall interfere no farther. By-the-way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"You are going to the city this afternoon?"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Depièrre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago; but a man can't think of every thing."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man!" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose any thing!" asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving-kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in "Macbeth;" while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove-heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula."

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows: "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula!"

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter."

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

"Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling caldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

"Harry, *don't!* The berries will burn."

"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read *yes!*"

"Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they *are* burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!"

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all your imagination, Ursula!"

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But, Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tête-à-tête.* Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

"Yes, yes, any thing—every thing; only go!"

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost any thing. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly, It is of the very greatest consequence! "Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one and presented it to Mrs. Dr. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other!" said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.

"We'll have pound-cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth "society" manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves these!" said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon!" cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh, oh! he's got the apoplexy!" screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But, upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; "how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don't—see—"

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said. "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

And Doctor Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula!" he added. "Who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have *my* blessing."

The pearls were all discolored, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knickknacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve-dish for a "boiled brooch!"

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

BIRD PLUMAGE.

The differences of color and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—the blackbird, have very dull and unconspicuous mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parroquet, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest-building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal the sitting bird; while whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those groups of birds in which the female is conspicuously colored, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy motmots are exactly alike in color, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gayly colored. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gayly colored, and, what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous; the male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of a tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colors, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees, but sometimes in the ground or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases where the male is gayly colored while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world, vivid blues, rich purples, and bright reds being the most general colors. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive family of the warblers, such as thrushes, fly-catchers, and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or under-ground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because with these brilliant colors are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reason for this difference in the color of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivaling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers" the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while sitting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of color which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor C. F. Hartt, of Cornell University, has lately issued a circular announcing his intention of starting on a fourth expedition of scientific research to Brazil. This gentleman has been long and favorably known for his efforts in regard to the exploration of that portion of South America, having made his first journey in 1865 as one of the *attachés* of the Thayer expedition under Professor Agassiz. In 1867 he made a second journey alone to the Brazilian coast, taking Bahia as his centre, and covering an extensive area around that point, including a trip to the Abrolhos Islands. These two expeditions included a large part of the coast from Rio to Pernambuco, a distance of about one thousand miles. A third visit was made in 1870 to the valley of the Amazon, to clear up certain points at issue between himself and Professor Agassiz in regard to the geology of that country. The funds for this expedition were furnished in part by a friend of science, whose name he is not permitted to give, with a contribution by Colonel Edward Morgan of one thousand dollars, and by Professor Goldwin Smith of five hundred, besides small sums from other parties. Assistance was rendered by the Brazilian authorities in furnishing a small steamer, with a suitable amount of coal. The collections made on this expedition were very extensive, and embraced objects of all kinds, including ethnology and anthropology. The fourth expedition, now contemplated, is intended to complete the survey of the eastern part of the Amazonian Valley, especially in its zoological relationships, and further to investigate the Indian mounds of Marajo, and to collect data in reference to the languages of the people of the country. The sum estimated as necessary for this expedition is four thousand dollars, of which five hundred have already been contributed by Harvard University; and we trust that the friends of science who may have the means at their command will not fail to respond to the appeal of Professor Hartt by furnishing pecuniary assistance, either without conditions or with the understanding that a certain portion of the collection is to be supplied to the contributors in return.

Among the recent announcements of deaths of eminent persons, we have to record that of M. Payen, at the age of seventy-six. He was well known for his numerous communications on applied chemistry, as related to economical and industrial arts and public hygiene. During the siege of Paris he exhibited great and successful activity in researches relating to the important question of food for the beleaguered citizens.

According to the *Gardener's Chronicle*, Dr. Hooker and party were at the Atlas Mountains on the 19th of May last. They had succeeded in reaching the top of the crest, nearly due south of Morocco, at an altitude of about 11,500 feet, the upper 3000 feet of which were very steep and rocky, with some snow, and a temperature of twenty-four degrees. The flora was very poor, not a single Alpine plant being discovered, and, in fact, very few of any kind. Up to 7000 feet, on the contrary, the flora was found to be very rich and varied, many English plants there finding their southern limits; while roses, elders, honeysuckles, ash, poplar, etc., were abundant.

It is a matter of surprise that greater damage was not done to the scientific establishments in Paris during the late troubles than has proved to be the case. From reports lately made to the Academy of Science on this subject we learn that the great Museum of Natural History has undergone but slight injury, partly in consequence of the strenuous efforts made by the resident directors and professors for its protection. The celebrated Gobelin tapestry establishment, however, according to the report of the director, M. Chevreul, has been seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed, whole workshops with their machinery, including the valuable collection of tapestries from the time of Louis XIV. to the present day, being lost. The Observatory of Paris has experienced considerable injury, some of the most important instruments having been destroyed, although it is thought that it will not require a great deal of time nor expense to restore the establishment to its original condition. Of the libraries in Paris, that of the Louvre appears to be the only one that suffered; this, containing hundreds of thousands of volumes, many of them of great value, being entirely destroyed.

The cod-fisheries of Alaska continue to develop themselves, and are fast assuming an important degree of magnitude. Among other recent movements a warehouse has been erected on Ounga Island, where the fish caught and prepared by the natives will be received and paid for at suitable prices.

The Hydrographic Office of the Bureau of Navigation of the United States has lately published a monograph upon the Marshall group of islands in the North Pacific. This group consists of two chains of islands, lying nearly parallel with each other, and running northwest and southeast from latitude 11° 50′ N. to 4° 30′ N., and from longitude 167 E. to 173 E., covering an area of over 350 by 400 miles in extent, and very little known to navigators, the information hitherto on record being considered very unreliable. The eastern chain is known as the Radack, and the western as the Ralick, each numbering from fifteen to eighteen groups of low coralline islands, the greater number of which are fully formed atolls—that is, lagoons of greater or less extent—with deep water and anchorages, surrounded by a chain of reefs, connecting islands, with one or more passages through the reefs into the lagoons, most of which are navigable for large vessels, besides which there are numerous boat passages.

The earliest discovery of this archipelago is said to have been by Laévédra, in 1529; and the next visit made to them was by Anson, in 1742. Since then the islands have been touched at by different navigators at various times, although until the appearance of the report just referred to but little definite information had been brought together of the archipelago as a group. A missionary establishment was started on one of these islands in 1857, which continues to be successful to the present time. The inhabitants numbered, at the latest accounts, 10,000. They are expert navigators, and perform journeys throughout the group. They are dark, with straight hair, and are said to be intelligent and hospitable.

A correspondent of the *Weekly* writes to report the occurrence of a lunar rainbow at his residence, Oxford Dépôt, New York, on the 2d of July last. At nine o'clock in the evening of that day a heavy rain-storm came up from the west, and when the sky was about half obscured a very distinct and beautiful rainbow made its appearance, having an arc estimated at 90°. The top of the bow was a deep blue, the lower side red; and between the two colors appeared a distinct hazy green. The moon was just rising at the time, and the perfect bow was visible for about five minutes, and partially distinguishable for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Alphonse L. Pinart, the French naturalist, who is engaged in a scientific exploration of Alaska, announces his arrival at Unalaska on the 24th of May, and his intended departure at an early day for Nushagak. We hope to lay before our readers, from time to time, the important features of the progress of this expedition.

According to *Nature*, Mr. G. R. Crotch proceeds in the autumn to the United States, on his way to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and New Guinea, with the intention of making collections of specimens in natural history. This research is to be prosecuted under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, which has granted £200 from the Worts' Fund for that purpose.

Mr. St. George Mivart, an eminent English comparative anatomist, and one of the few first-class naturalists of the present day who positively oppose in their writings the views of Mr. Darwin, has lately called attention, in *Nature*, to the fact of the omission on the part of that gentleman to cite the species of monkey actually most nearly related to man. According to his view it is in the gibbons, or long-armed apes, of the genus *Hylobates*, that the closest affinities to the human structure are to be met with; and although there are, perhaps, more points of apparent relationship between man and the chimpanzee, gorilla, or orang, than between man and the gibbon, yet there are certain points in which the latter genus resembles *Homo* in a more striking and significant degree. Although the enormous length of the arms of the gibbon apparently discountenances the idea of relationship, yet Professor Huxley has shown that these are singularly human. Among the marked resemblances, the length of the leg as compared with the trunk, and the form and proportion of the bony thorax, are especially noteworthy.

Furthermore one species of gibbon (the siamang) is the only ape that possesses a true chin, together with a slight prominence of the nose. The power, quality, and compass of voice in the gibbons are dwelt upon by Mr. Darwin as remarkably related to man, and also the gentle yet quick and active nature. While making these suggestions, however, Mr. Mivart takes especial occasion to renew the expression of his antagonism to Mr. Darwin's theory of development, taking into consideration the totality of man's being, and remarks that, so considered, science convinces him that a monkey and a mushroom differ less from each other than do a monkey and a man.

The cultivation of the natural and physical sciences has not been prosecuted with much success, as far as the announcement of new facts is concerned, by the Spanish-American races of the New World, although in nearly every state there is a society devoted more or less to such objects. Of late years, however, an increasing degree of vitality has manifested itself in these organizations, and there is reason to believe that in time they may be of considerable value.

The most prominent institutions of the kind at present are in Mexico, namely, the Geographical and Statistical Society and the Society of Natural History, both of them publishing transactions which embody much information in their pages. The Royal Economical Society of Havana has published a bulletin of its proceedings, although devoted more to historical than scientific subjects. The most active society in Havana, however, is the "Royal Academy of Medical and Physical and Natural Sciences." Of this Dr. Gutierrez is President; Don Francisco de Sauvalle, Vice-President; Dr. Antonio Mestre, Secretary-General; Don José F. de Castro, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. Felipe Rodriguez, Assistant Secretary; Dr. Ramon L. Miranda, Treasurer; and Dr. Juan Calixto Oxamend, Librarian—all holding their offices until 1873. Institutions in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chili also exhibit a commendable degree of activity.

In the search for new regions of exploration and discovery, it is not a little surprising to be assured that, taking the West Indies as a group, we know almost as little of their natural history as we do of that of Central Africa, especially of the islands east and south of the Greater Antilles. Thanks to the labors of Dr. Gundlach and Professor Poey in Cuba, of Dr. Bryant in the Bahamas, of Mr. March and Mr. Gosse in Jamaica, of Mr. A. E. Younglove in Hayti, of Dr. Bryant, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Latimer in Porto Rico, of Mr. Swift in St. Thomas, of Mr. Galody in Antigua, of Mr. Julien in Sombrero, and of Mr. Newton in Santa Cruz, we have a fair knowledge of the birds of the islands mentioned; but of Anguilla, St. Martin, Barbuda, Nevis, Montserrat, and Grenada we know nothing; and of St. Bartholomew, St. John, Saba, and Barbadoes next to nothing. Dominica, Martinique, and Guadaloupe have been more or less explored by English and French naturalists, although with no very complete result. We are glad to see that the Zoological Society of London is printing a paper by Dr. Sclater upon a collection of the birds of Santa Lucia, sent to the Society by Mr. De Voeux, in which twenty-five species are enumerated, and among them three entirely peculiar to the island, one of them, a species of oriole, being hitherto undescribed. To such of our readers as have a spirit of enterprise, and are desirous of visiting a region which is sure to reward them with rich and undescribed treasures in natural history, we earnestly recommend the smaller West India islands, to which a trip can be made, especially in the winter season, with little or no risk to life or health, and with ample promise of satisfactory results.

A somewhat interesting capture has recently been made in one of the fish-pounds in Buzzard's Bay, near Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, the strange visitor being a specimen of the tunny (*Orcynus secundidorsalis*), sometimes called horse-mackerel and albicore in this country. The specimen measured nine feet in length, and weighed five hundred pounds, although frequently found weighing five hundred, or even a thousand, pounds more than this.

The horse-mackerel is not an unusual visitor to the eastern coast of the New England States, and is found as far north at least as the Bay of Fundy, where, as well as about Provincetown, it is sometimes harpooned in considerable numbers. It very rarely comes within the bays on our coast, the individual in question being the only one that has been captured within the memory of the fishermen in Buzzard's Bay. The specimen has been skinned, and will, it is understood, be exhibited in due time as one of the treasures of the National Museum at Washington.

The flesh of the horse-mackerel is of excellent quality, being more like butcher's-meat than like fish, and closely resembling tender pork in color and texture. It is, however, much less valued as food in the United States than in Europe, where this species, or a close ally, has long been a favorite in the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "it is a shame to speak ill of a man behind his back; but I think the gentleman who has just left the room is—an attorney." A similar sentiment as to the prevailing rascality of lawyers of the lower grade is found on a grave-stone in Swaffham, Norfolk, England:

"Here lieth one, believe it if you can,
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man;
The gates of heaven shall open wide,
But will shut against the tribe beside."

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

"You are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shop-keeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such an offer." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure. You would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A story is told of a father in a church who, when the marriage-service came to the point where the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" replied, "Well, Sir, I am called to do it, although it do go agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plowser, who is worth twice the money o' that ere man." The answer was not considered regular.

The First Hymn on Record—Adam.

A ship-owner, in dispatching a vessel, had a great deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got drunk on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew it came to the man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, Sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" "No, Sir," replied Jack, giving his trowsers a nautical hitch; "I'm the man that was slewed."

A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayoh; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass." The story has a sort of swivel "moral" which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

The sweetest thing in ear-rings is an aquarium of rock crystal, filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters, and shrimps.

"Hallo, there, capting," said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal; "what do you charge for passage?" "Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain. "Wa'al, I guess I'll take passage, capting, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far." Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably. "How far is it, capting, from here to where I got on board?" "Nearly a mile and a half," said the captain. "Let's see," said Jonathan: "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small. Here's five cents, which pays my fare to here. I guess I'll go ashore now. I'm kinder rested eout."

Boarder. "This tea seems very weak, Mrs. Skimp."
Landlady. "Well, I guess it must be the warm weather. I feel weak myself; in fact, every body complains."

An Object of Interest—Your deposit in a savings-bank.

In an epitaph which we have not found in any of the collections the composer met most ingeniously the impossibility of making the dead man's name rhyme with the cause of his death:

"Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun:
His name was Pryme,
But that wouldn't rhyme."

A bridge at Denver, Colorado, sports this notice: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

It was so hot in Montgomery, Alabama, one day last week, that a wag proposed to build a fire in his stove to cool the atmosphere.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if, instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.

A Broad Street merchant being informed that he had broken the commandments, said, "Never mind; charge it to breakage."

A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey-moon would last. "Don't tell me of the honey-moon," he replied; "it is the harvest-moon with me."

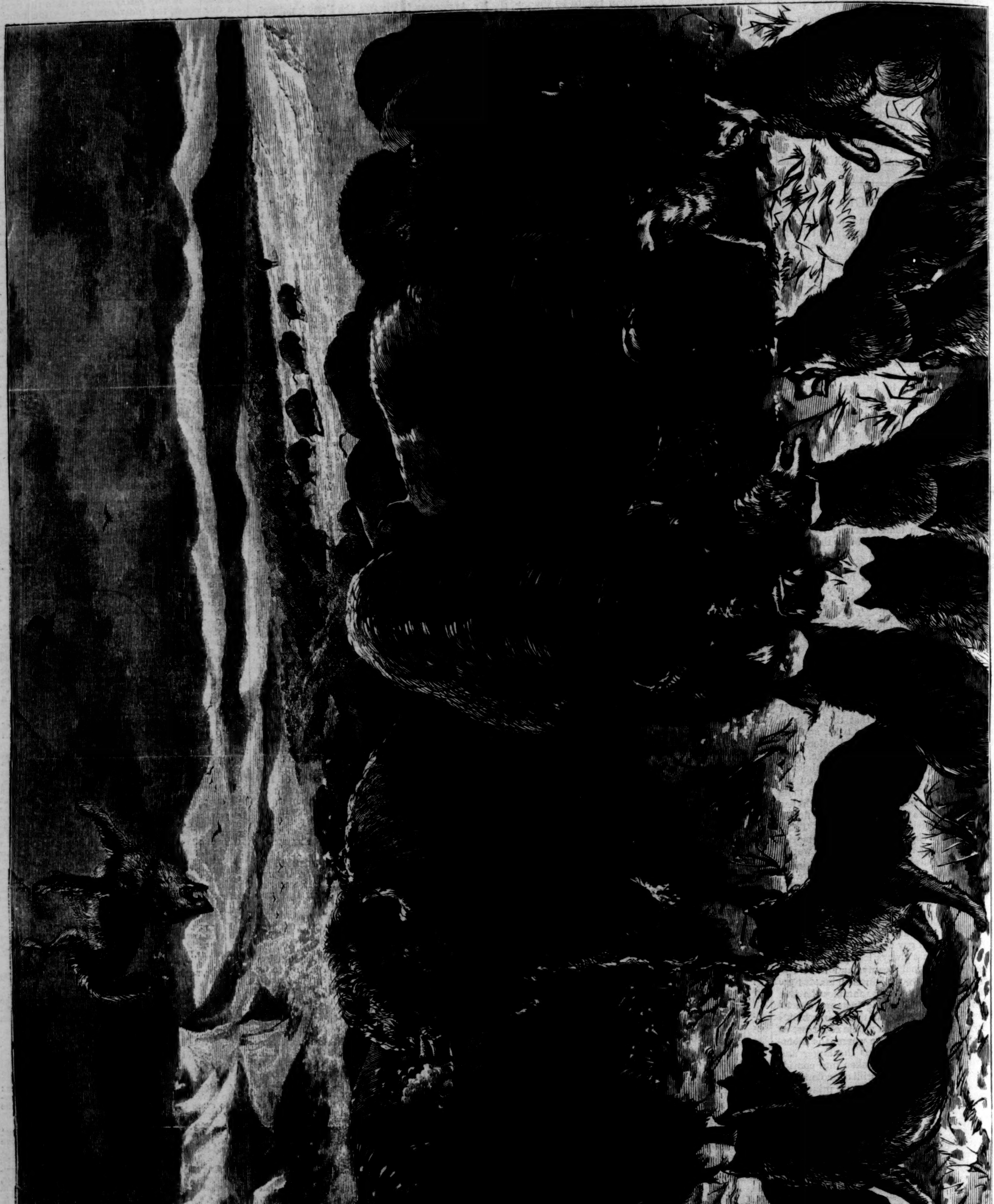
Text for a Begging Sermon—"Sit down quickly and write fifty."

Mr. Greeley says "soap is a sign of civilization." Soft soap, we presume.

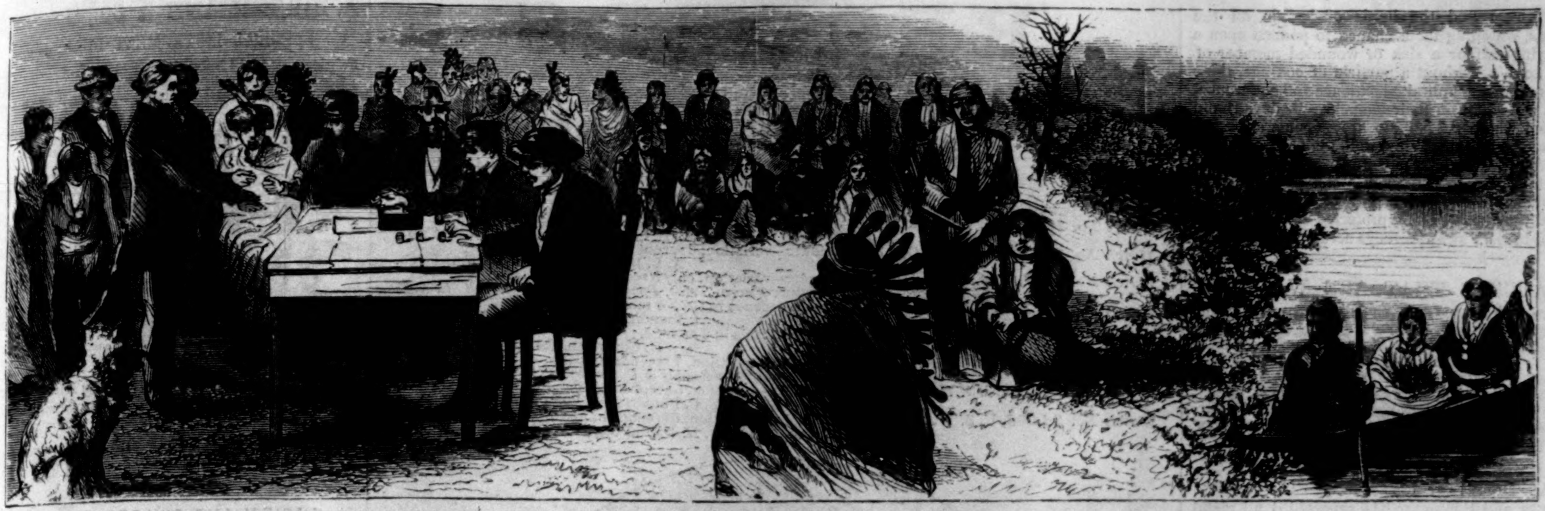
An advertisement of cod-liver oil winds up: "Patients who have once taken it can take no other." A candid confession.

Statistics.—Of the 1001 young ladies who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

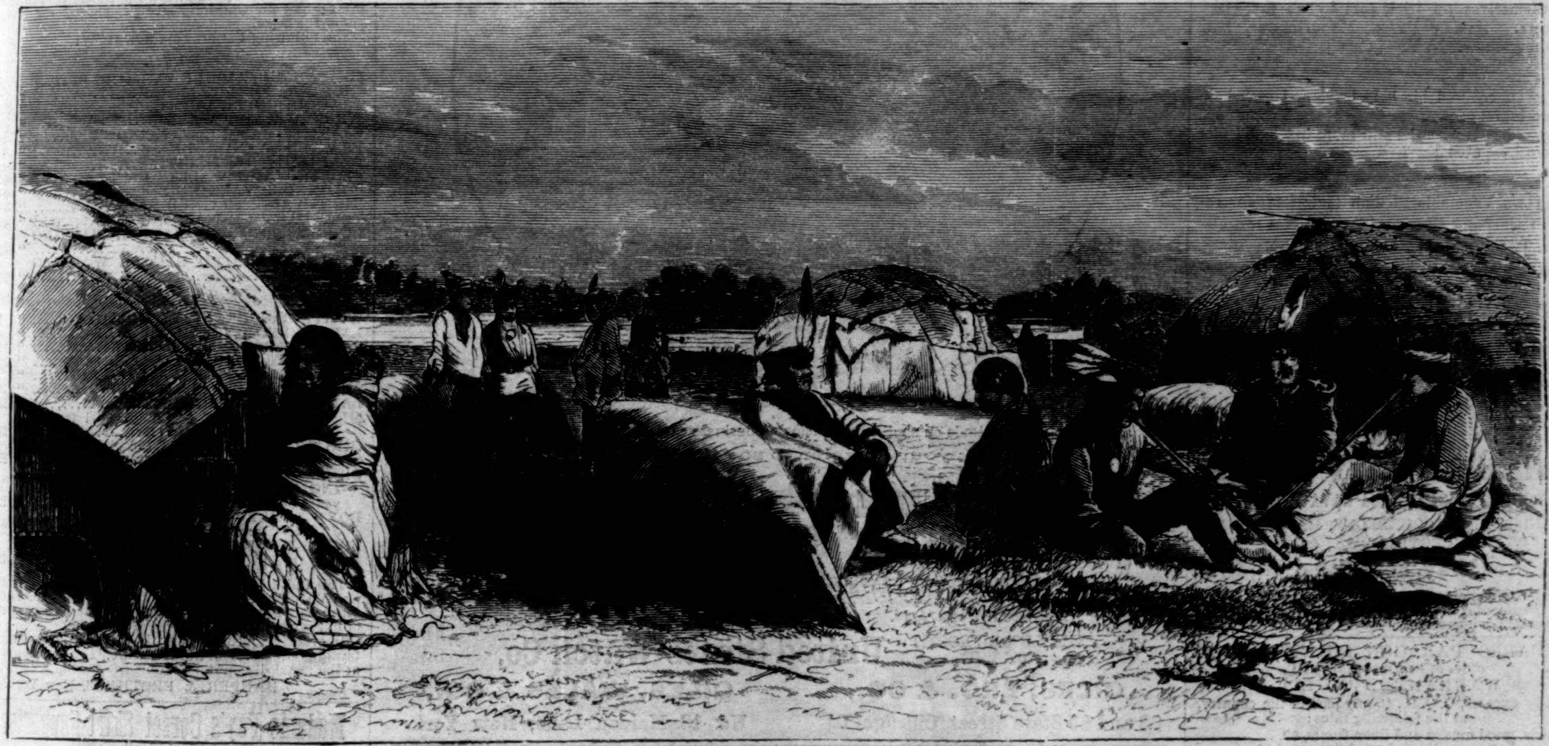
A Washington man who was lately used as a reference to establish a friend's character did it thus comprehensively: "I am happy to inform you that Mr. —— stands at the very top of respectability here. He owns a fast horse, a New York judge, and intends to steal the first railroad he sees lying around loose."



BUFFALO BULLS PROTECTING A HERD FROM WOLVES.—[See Page 725.]



PAYMENT OF INDIAN ANNUITIES—COMING UP TO THE PAY-TABLE.



BIRCH-BARK INDIAN WIGWAMS.

PAYING INDIAN ANNUITIES.

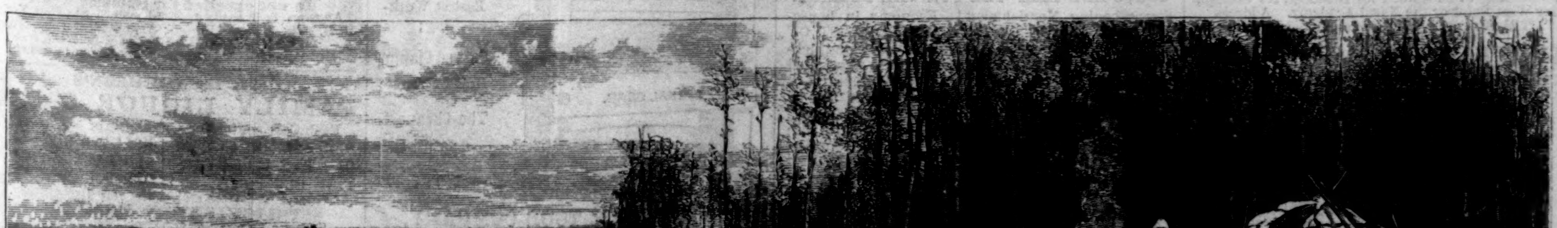
THE illustrations on this page, engraved from sketches by our special artist on the Plains, represent several scenes incident to a gathering of Indians at one of our border settlements to receive their annuity. These are great occasions with the tribes. The annuity amounts to one dollar in silver for each Indian, besides presents of calico, blankets, and cheap trinkets. For these they will make long journeys overland on foot or on horseback, or in their dug-outs or birch-bark canoes by water. It is not, however, entirely for the sake of the presents and money that the journey is made. The reunions are a season of general jollification and debauch. Before the Indians leave the ground they have generally parted with every thing they have received from the agent, and depart a good deal the worse for whisky, and entertaining a very mean opinion of white men.

At one of the frontier stations where payments are made—that at Odanah, on the Indian Reservation—about four hundred of the natives have formed a sort of agricultural community under the direction of a farmer who is appointed by the government. In good seasons they raise from five thousand to six thousand bushels of potatoes, and large quantities of turnips, cabbages, etc. The little wheat they cultivate is ground into flour in a hand-mill. The country about Odanah is sometimes called the Garden of Lake Superior, on account of its great fertility, and, under the direction of their white leader, the Indians make good use of its resources.

The first sketch on this page shows the Indians gathered around the pay-table to receive their annuities. As each one steps up to take his money and presents, the interpreter writes a receipt for him. The recipient touches the pen with his left hand, while receiving his allotment in the right. The second illustration shows the wigwams, some flat-roofed and others rounded, the latter being chiefly used in winter-time. Like the canoes, they are generally constructed of birch bark. The third illustration shows a group of Indians engaged in constructing birch-bark canoes. The buildings in the distance belong to the Presbyterian mission at Odanah.

PROTECTING THE HERD.

THE spirited illustration on page 724 is engraved from a sketch by one of our special artists. It represents a rear-guard of buffalo bulls protecting a herd against an attack of Kiota wolves. These disagreeable beasts are always



INDIANS MAKING BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

prowling round the herds of buffalo on the plains, watching for a chance to pounce upon a straying calf, or a sick or wounded member of the herd. Without a particle of courage, these wolves possess unlimited patience and endurance, and will squat on their haunches for days round a spot where the buffalo are grazing, as represented in our engraving, in the hope of getting a good meal out of some unguarded or disabled victim. Even the ferocious and powerful bulls in their old age fall a prey to them when the herd they have so long protected leave them behind in their swift journeys across the plains.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

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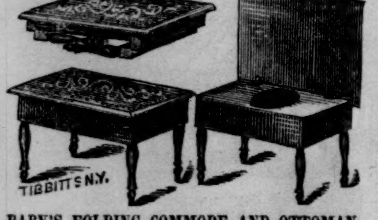
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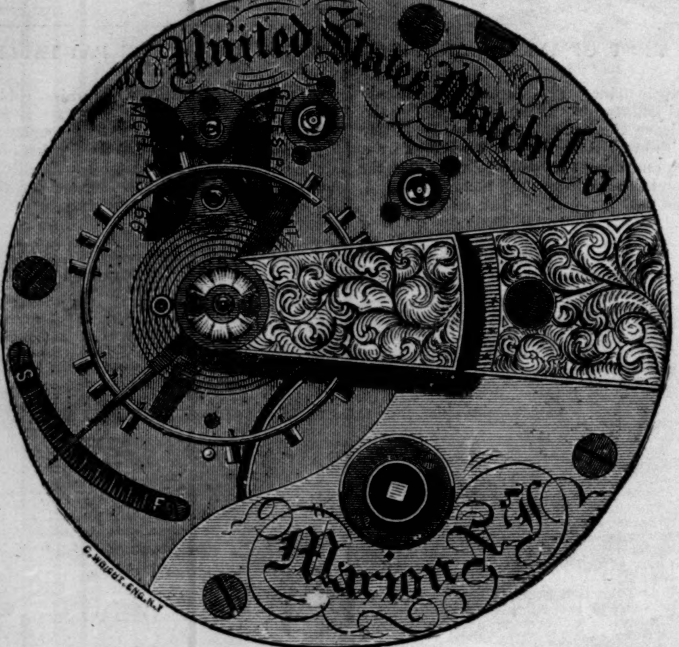
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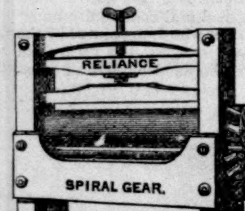

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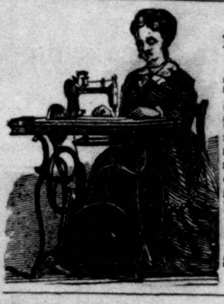

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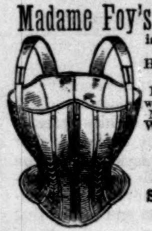

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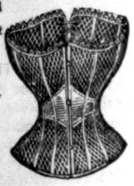

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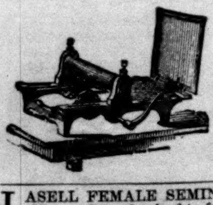

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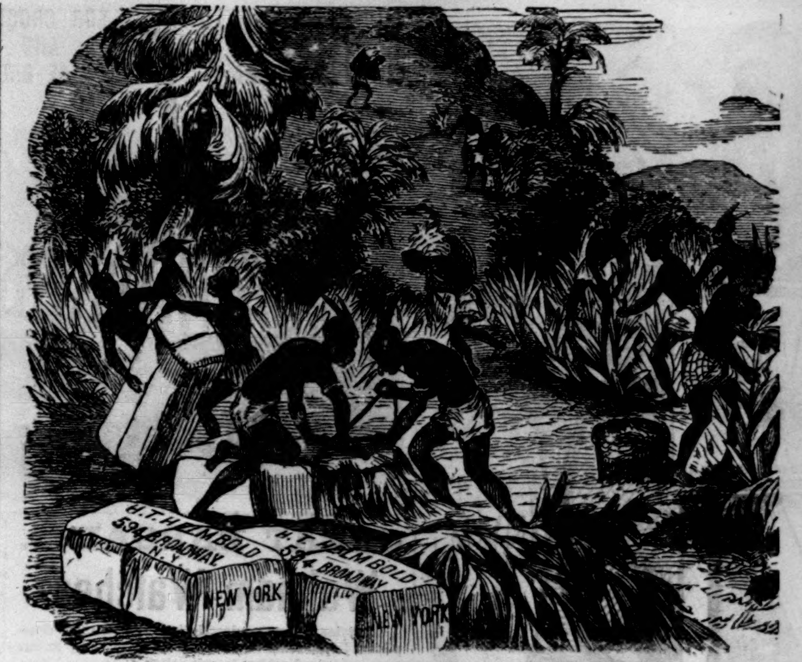

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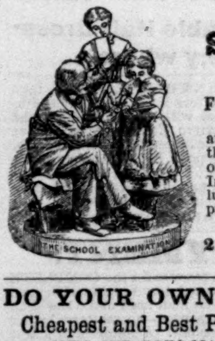

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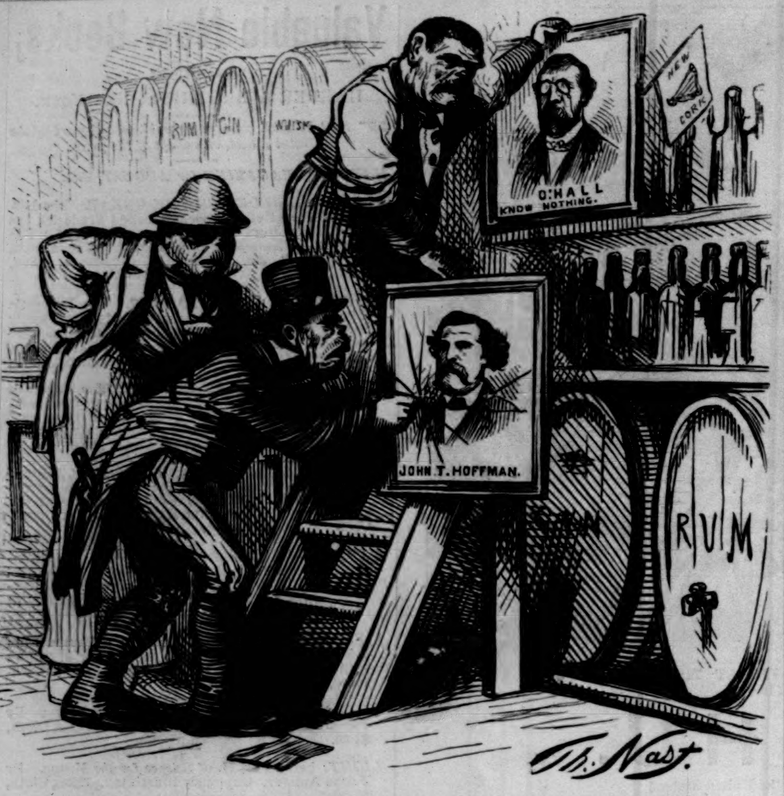

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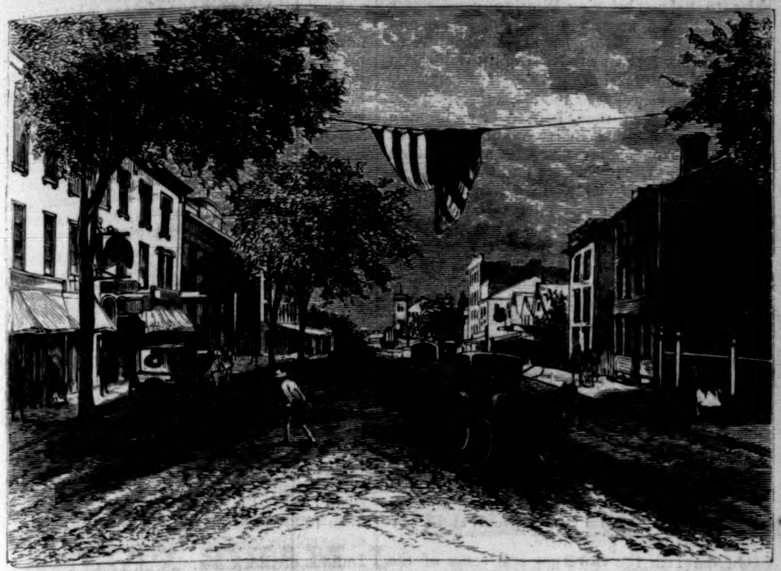
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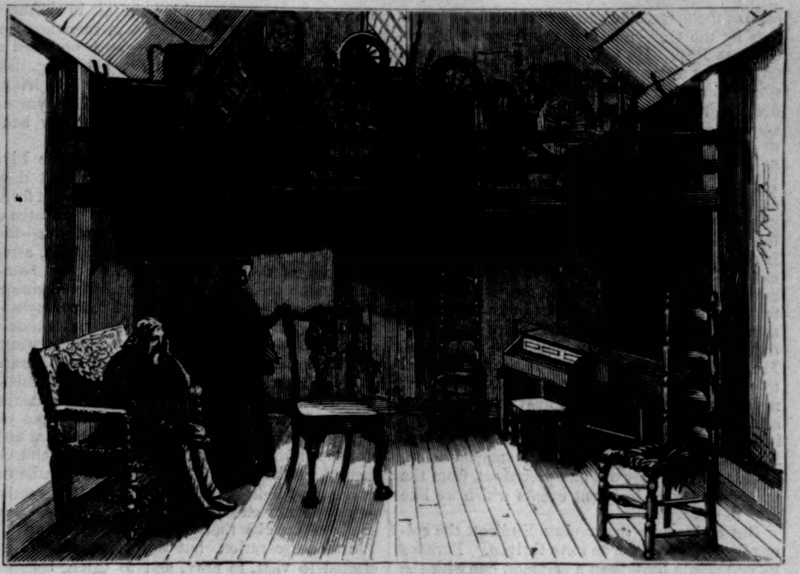
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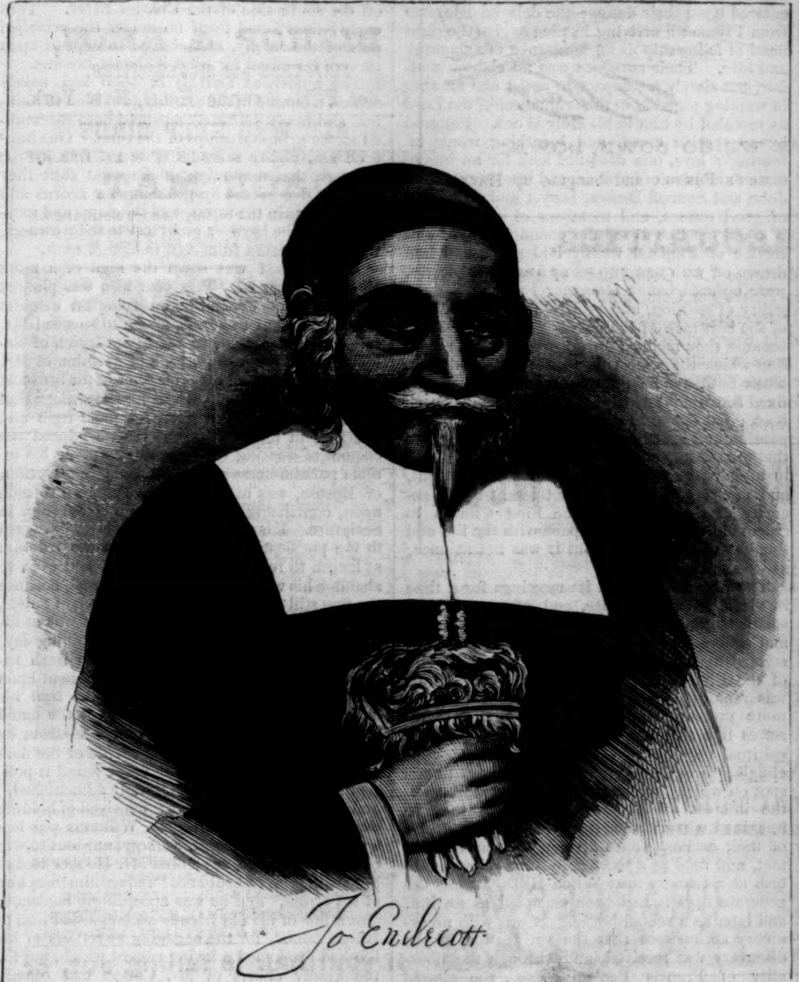

GOVERNOR ENDICOTT.—[FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM ENDICOTT, OF SALEM.]

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PAST and present—New England in 1628 and in 1871. The interval is comparatively no long one; and yet, looking backward from out the complacent bustle of his own time, one is puzzled continually with a sense of dimness and remoteness other than that of the intervening years—a feeling of grim unlikeness to which even a sturdy pride of nationality can hardly reconcile him. But let him not hasten to become an apologist for the past. The years have indeed been swift-footed with changes, but a single thread of meaning runs through them all. It is only in detaching the events of the past from the gray and pregnant atmosphere of their own time that we become conscious of any sharp ruthlessness of outline, and wonder at the gaunt skeleton we have unearthed. These bones were once rounded with warm and sympathetic life, and the years came and went with them decorously and full-handed. And yet it seems inevitable that history should present itself rather as a mass of startling and picturesque fragments than as a consistent and continuous development, and, like many other things, must be vivid and sensational, retaining our attention only when it is so. The slower wisdom of historic growth and evolution we calmly leave to the philosopher and statesman, whoever those overwrought individuals may be, unwilling as yet to assume the responsibility of any arduous thinking on our own account.

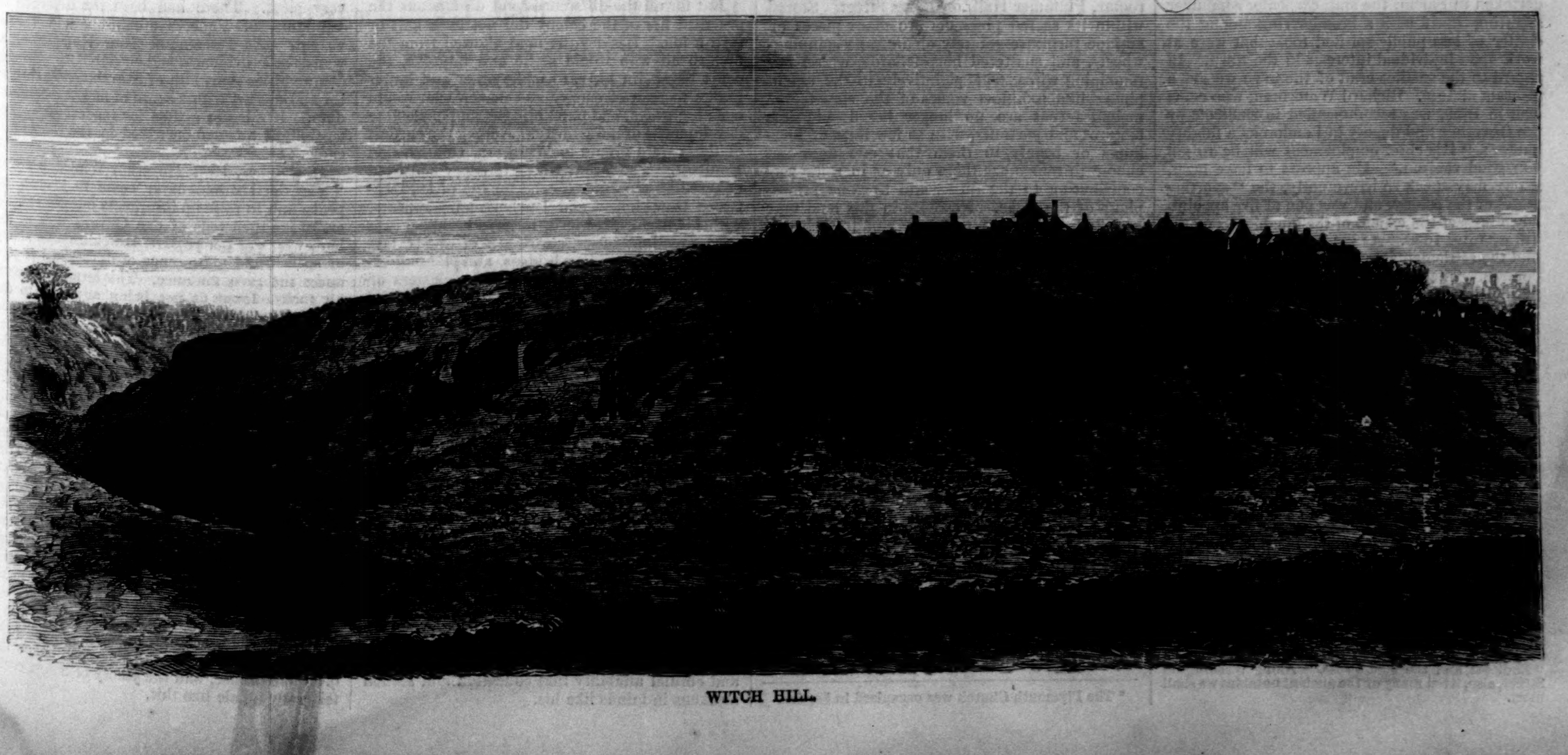
The town of Salem, in Massachusetts, second only to Plymouth in date of settlement, appears for a time conspicuously upon the page of general history, the stern vitality of its life sending out now and then a later gleam, and at last flashing with a lurid and consuming glare across the page, and fading from it darkly and well-nigh forever. People abroad now speak of Salem as a place where they hung witches; and Longfellow, with a stronger sense of poetic fitness than of the reality, leaves hovering over it, after all its troubles,

> "The benediction of unbroken rest."

The writer confesses that he imagined himself entering the streets of no modern city as he stepped out of its spacious dépôt for the first time in the twilight of evening not long ago. It was rather the Salem of the darker passages of the books he had read that he had come to visit—a region embalmed in a quaint atmosphere of antiquity, and tingling yet with the dread memory of many a wizard spell. And as he passed up the nearest sidewalk, and saw the train on which he had come burrow slowly, pantingly down into the very bowels of the ascending street, and vanish with a swirl of smoke, for an absurd moment he became giddy with a thrill of delight that he had reached the place of enchantments at last. But as he stepped warily onward in search of the antique tavern of his fancy—having conspicuously in his mind's eye that erst kept by the gay witch, Bridget Bishop, with its hardly tolerated game of shovel-board, or the grimmer hostelry of Thomas Beadle, where some of the preliminary witch examinations were held, and many went forth in chains, some to lay them down no more—he became conscious that the many faces upon the streets had nothing of horror or of tragedy in them, and, looking up, lo! a horse-car rumbled past. The shop windows were gay with the finery of a color-loving age, and the latest literature, from holiday calf to illuminated paper, was in sight. Alas! the visitor was fain to pass the night in a comfortable hotel, and with no ghostlier presence than his own loose-trailing thoughts.

And the later-day Salem, in which he awakened certainly enough the next morning, and which he found so hospitably willing to manifest itself to him, interested him so much in its immediate self, that it was not at once that he found how inevitably its present thrift and bustle—ay, its very culture and breadth of religious feeling—connect themselves with the history and spirit of its earlier days. And after his mind had established, in its own unstable fashion, a shifting relation between the two, his walks were a continual surprise. Absorbed perhaps in the contemplation of certain nineteenth-century opportunities, the voice of the town-crier, a dim, crone-like face at a window, or some stern name in modern gilt among the signs, would awaken sharp contrasts with the days that are gone, and afford him rarer problems in regard to the certainty and indirectness of all historic progress than he would like to tell. Nothing, however, to his new estimate of things seemed so absurdly out of place as a sign he saw somewhere in this neighborhood—"Wizard: Office"—which may have had an innocent interpretation enough, but to the visitor seemed a weak attempt to make capital out of an utterly exploded thing. Wise men here years ago showed us the shallow irresponsibility of all spiritual mysticism.

An acquaintance with Salem may best be begun with the summer of 1628, when John Endicott arrived at Naumkeag in the *Abigail*, at the


WITCH HILL.

head of the first embarkation of planters and servants by the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay. He found in this neighborhood only ten or a dozen wretched hovels, the habitations of certain fishermen who had been sent over in 1624 from Dorchester, in England, to Cape Ann, and who had removed with their overseer, Roger Conant (late of New Plymouth), to a neck of land upon the Naumkeag River, in 1626. Here Conant had been encouraged to remain by Mr. White, minister of Dorchester, who promised him provisions and men, and here he built a fort on what is now the Beverly side. It is said that Conant also laid out the street now called Washington, the shortest way across the narrow neck of land on which the city of Salem is built, and which, perhaps, had been used from time immemorial as a carrying-place by the Indians.* The succor with which the activity of Mr. White, and the growing interest in regard to colonization, were at last able to supply him, must have been to Conant a heavy surprise, and all the more unwelcome, perhaps, because his bailiwick had consisted of so miserable a forlorn hope. But he seems to have peaceably stepped aside, as did many another will and precedent, from the progress of those incipient events which we like now to call irresistible.

But even under the resolute Endicott the colony seems at first not to have thriven. Perhaps its end would have been a common one with the many curious communities who sought in this fateful wilderness the disordered Utopia of their dreams, and whose stragglers turn up now and then so picturesquely in the sober history of those times, had not the scheme of colonization acquired an energy in England that the home government within a short time found it politic to curb.

In 1629 came five ships and four ministers. Mr. Francis Higginson says he arrived at Naumkeag June 29, and found there about one hundred planters and eight houses, besides a fair one for Endicott. As the "houses" of that day were often mere huts, one suspects that some were fain to make shift during the milder weather in tents and rude shelters, as did many later near Boston in the bitter winter of 1630–31. The arrivals this summer increased the number of settlers to three hundred, one hundred of whom removed to between the Mystic and Charles rivers, now Charlestown, where three explorers sent out by Endicott had found a "body of Indians settled called Aborginians, and one English house, thatched, and possessed by Thomas Walford, a smith."

In all the comfortable successes of a later time there is nothing so picturesque and interesting as the earlier endeavors of a colony in an unknown wilderness. Life is never more alert. To the difficult and uncertain means of livelihood, that at first barely avail, each day adds fresh resources. The sea proves rich in sustenance; the boys of Massachusetts Bay, as early as 1632, catching "great store" of lobsters and eels; two or three boys, says Winthrop, bringing in as many as a bushel at a time, and sixty great lobsters. The hunter also grows cunning in the habits of his game, bringing home, perhaps, besides, the secret of some rare, sunny meadow, fat with the promise of abundant crops. And then the delight there is in making new homes; as if each fresh clearing might reveal the soil of the original paradise, and the new cabin, sweet with the odor of the pine woods, and unprofaned, invited to a freer and fresher life. In such a one should Endicott's marriage have been performed in the simple fashion it was, by Governor Winthrop and Mr. Wilson, shortly after their arrival, the type and promise of all brotherly offices in place of ponderous and worn-out ceremonial. But what is good poetry to us was hard work then; and when one appreciates the stupendous task of reducing fifty acres of woodland to an arable condition, with the inadequate appliances of that day, he has no longer need for wonder that choice was given between it and a half acre in town.

The building of ships, those "white-winged messengers of plenty and peace," was early undertaken in Salem, the ship-carpenter's hammer asserting itself with a broader ring among the clatter of less public-spirited tools that were at work upon individual interests in the town. In regard to the smaller craft of the town we get a pleasant picture. Richard Waterman, who came over in 1629, was recommended to Endicott by the Governor and deputy in London as a mighty hunter: "His chief employment will be to get you good venison." He appears to have been, if one may speak so irreverently, the "sporting man" of the colony, and was one of five appointed to inspect the canoes of the inhabitants on the 4th of July, 1636. As yet there were few roads, and the settlements crept inland along the watercourses. There were in Salem more canoes than in all the patent besides, and every household owning "a water-horse or two," it was an affair of public consideration that all should be seaworthy. Mr. Upham tells us that the day of their assembling before the landing-places in the North and South rivers was a gala day — the first Fourth of July ever celebrated in America. The rivers were alive with gliding craft, from the heavy dug-out to the graceful birch canoe, and there was many an exciting contest in deftness and speed. But Waterman was no mere lounger of the woods or water-side; he soon obtained a land grant near Davenport Hill; but being, like many others, liberal-minded, and of "a spirit to resist," he was before the court for his sympathies in 1664, was imprisoned, and finally banished.

Endicott having corresponded with the Plymouth settlers, and satisfied himself that they were right in their judgment of the outward form of worship—not going so far as the separatists, who would change all, not mildly reform—the settlers at Salem proceeded, July 20, 1629, after a season of fasting and prayer, to elect Samuel Skelton their pastor, and Francis Higginson teacher; and on the 6th of August, the day appointed for the ordination of elders and deacons, thirty persons entered into covenant in writing, and the ministers were ordained anew. A rare interest attaches to these simple ceremonies, which were performed in the open air beside the house of Mr. Higginson, on the very spot on which the First Church of Salem has builded and worshiped from that day. It was the first church formed in the New World,* and was gathered in the most independent of spirits. The ministers were not chosen because of any hovering shade of sanctity that might come from an Old-World consecration, but were simply brethren elected to visit, to pray, and to teach, because they were fittest of all for the spiritual work it was intended they should do. Fasting and prayer, and laying on of hands, each on the other, and by three or four grave members, and they entered upon their duties—the delayed delegates from Plymouth arriving in time to give the right hand of fellowship as an assurance of sympathy and love. Their covenant was no elaborate affair, but simply a compact to assist one another in walking together in the ordinances of the Lord as revealed by him in his Holy Word. Fettered by no specific creed, and breathing words of brotherly love, one does not look for an immediate exhibition of hardness and intolerance; but John and Samuel Brown, lawyer and merchant, of good estates, and members of the council, who did not like to see the common prayer and service of England wholly laid aside, and had drawn off with many to set up a separate society, were ordered before Governor Endicott, judged guilty of sedition, and sent to England. Many of the best men of the colony were driven away because they inclined on either side of the rigid line which the stern rulers had mentally drawn. Their faith was for the time none the less firmly fixed because it lacked expression in their church book; but it had in it that vital necessity of expansion and growth that belongs to all principles that are not hopelessly congealed in words. And in after-years, when the times began to relent, and men could afford to be tolerant in the security of their freedom, the First Church in Salem did not fail to keep pace with the life and thought of the times. But it was not at once, as we shall see.

The new church held its meetings for a time in Crumwell's fish-house, and afterward in a small "unfinished" structure, with bare timbers and rafters, and the most primitive of galleries, erected upon what has been ever since the site of the First Church in Salem. In 1634 this was removed, giving place to a succession of more pretentious edifices, that adapted themselves like so many changes of raiment to the spiritual wants of the people. And now, after clinging through so many eventful years to the spot on which their earnest spiritual life began, the interest of its present members may be imagined when it was rumored that the frame of their earliest house of worship was still intact, and used as a receptacle for tools and rubbish at a tannery near Witch Hill. In less degenerate days it had been occupied as an inn, and later as a school-house. It was with no ordinary enthusiasm that the verification of the discovery was received, and, through the liberality of Francis Peabody, Esq., the altered frame-work was restored to its original mortises, and removed to the rear of the Institute rooms, Plummer Hall, on Essex Street. Stored within its sacred precincts are many pieces of antique furniture—stately chairs, idle spinning-wheels, and shattered harpsichords, whose few remaining wires trill plaintively to the touch, piping like toothless voices of the slow-footed melodies that are no longer heard—old-time pictures and portraits, with so few lines of loveliness or beauty in them that one does not choose to remember them only as in some way contributing to the dusky and by-gone atmosphere of the place. Nowhere in this land may one find so ancient and worshipful a shrine. Within these walls, silent with the remembered presence of Endicott, Skelton, Higginson, Roger Williams, and their grave compeers, the very day seems haunted, and the sunshine falls but soberly in. The visitor seems to close the door upon the bustle and complacency of his own time, and by some subtile spell of sympathy to find himself standing at last in mute and intelligible relations to the firm, integral life to which he owes so much. Quaint and in keeping as are the visions that the suggestiveness of the place conjure from out the resources of his memory, there is yet in them all no longer so bald a sense of Puritanic affectation or constraint; the bare timbers of these narrow precincts evince a necessity that was in itself denial; and he remembers vividly, as if for the first complete time, that the souls that met God here were sadly weary of a colder intercession.

In anticipation of the transfer of the corporation and its charter to America by the Massachusetts Company, John Winthrop was elected its Governor, and arrived in the *Arabella* June 12, 1630. Before August there had come eleven ships to Salem, bringing Winthrop's assistants or council, and many gentlemen of figure and estate besides. Before leaving England Winthrop and his company were careful to address a letter to the brethren of the Church of England, to remove misconceptions and to ask their prayers. It could have been, then, because of no impulse of desperate hostility to its established forms that they set out, but rather with a hope of its ultimate reform. Indeed, we find that it was as much in a commercial as in a religious spirit that their adventure was undertaken; and to this wholesome element of enterprise and practicality we may perhaps attribute the more rapid expansion and growth that at last resulted in the absorption of the Plymouth colony.

Endicott (superseded in turn by the higher commission of Winthrop, as Conant had been by him), with Mr. Skelton and Captain Levett, welcomed the new Governor on board his ship off Cape Ann. With many of his company the new Governor returned with them to "Nahumkeck" (Nā-um-keag, later Salem), where they supped on good venison, pastry, and good beer; after which, save a few women, they returned to the ship. And the dignitaries having had their feast, the next day (Sunday) the rest of the people were set ashore off Cape Ann, and regaled themselves with the "great store" of strawberries which grew there.

On the 17th the Governor and some of the principal persons went to Charlestown through the woods to look for a site for their "chief town." They found a few families about the bay, and established themselves for the winter on the south side of the Charles River. Thus early Salem found itself no longer the principal port of the colony, and obliged to depend upon its own resources for what it should become.

The numerous arrivals in 1630 had nearly caused a famine in the scantily provisioned country, and many delicately nurtured ones succumbed to the grim hardships of the time. One hundred and eighty servants were set free by the planters, that they might make what shift they could to live—some by grubbing for acorns and ground-nuts in the forest, and for clams and mussels about the bays—a great loss to their owners, who had invested from £16 to £20 in each.

But in 1631 was sown the seed of a more abundant harvest. This year also was planted a germ of much social and theological disquiet in the calling of Roger Williams to succeed Mr. Higginson, deceased, in the First Church of Salem. With the rare purity and devotion of Mr. Williams's life, and his profession of the broadest principles of tolerance, it was a little strange that there should consist a spirit the most rigid and exacting in many things. He introduced the custom of wearing veils at church among his female parishioners—a custom good Mr. Cotton, of Boston, was at pains to give them a sermon upon, convincing them it had no foundation in Scripture. His many clarified vagaries in regard to the purification of church and state led him at length to renounce his pastorate, and even to abandon his wife and children for a time, because the first still communed with the church of Salem, and the latter were unregenerate. It was at his pious instigation that Endicott, one training day, roused to quick indignation by some fresh rumor of the design of the home government upon their charter, ordered his ensign to trail his standard, while with his sword he cut the hated symbol of papal power—the red cross—from its folds, and trampled it in the dust. For the dazzling temerity of his act the court found it politic that Endicott should be "sadly admonished," and, with Ensign Davenport, deprived of holding office for one year. But Mr. Williams was less tractable; and though the clergy, anxious to win over their brother, appointed Mr. Hooker to dispute with him, he could not "reduce him from any of his errors," and he was accordingly banished. Not a few of his old friends accompanied him to Rhode Island, for the engaging sweetness of his life had awakened a loving regard which, but for the kindly efforts of Mr. Cotton and others, would, in this the day of his banishment, have drawn nearly all of Salem after him.

But for all the differences and discussions the practical life of the colony did not long halt or turn aside. Besides the land allowed from the first to all who would settle and improve, the court began, in 1631, to make other and larger grants to men of energy and means who would open highways, and build bridges, and hasten the development of the country. Among the earliest of these were grants to Winthrop, Dudley, and Endicott. The latter, whose territory consisted of three hundred acres—the tongue of land between Cow-house and Duck rivers—appears, with his usual directness, to have occupied it at once, erecting houses, clearing it of woods, laying out roads, building bridges, and planting orchards and fields. With his busy clusters of workmen, the rush and jar of falling trees, and the stroke of the builder's hammer, "Orchard Farm" must, in its early days, have presented a lively and interesting scene. Many of the best young men of the neighborhood placed themselves in lusty tuition under Endicott, and working among his men, learned how to win from the wilderness each a farm of his own. On a picturesque site of the farm was built the house of Endicott, commanding a view of the surrounding country and both arms of the sea. An ancient pear-tree in a sheltered corner of the meadow alone remains of all his thrifty orchards to offer to the descendants of the often afterward Governor its September fruit. At the foot of the grassy slope on which it stands the visitor is pointed to the spot where his boatmen were wont to set him ashore, with simple show of dignity and state, after his gubernatorial visits to Boston. And here he also received many visits of friendship or diplomacy, entertaining all, no doubt, with the frank and cordial affability that education and station awakens in minds like his.

Endicott was only one of many in his improvements; Townsend Bishop, whose house (owned later by Nurse, of witchcraft memory), with its approaching roadway, is still standing, and Emanuel Downing, coming later to Salem, surpassing him in the extent of their operations. September 30, 1648, Governor Winthrop wrote to his son John, in Connecticut: "They are all well at Salem, and your uncle [Downing] is beginning to distill. Endicott hath found a copper mine in his ground." He adds that Mr. Leader hath tried it, and the furnace runs eight tons a week. Their bar-iron is as good as Spanish.

By such enterprises as these, and the smaller efforts of humbler men, did the early settlements creep away into the rich heart of the wilderness. But the larger estates, decidedly English in the nature of their inception and conduct, did not retain their integrity long in the freer air of the colony. The wilderness gave but a meagre return for the outlay of capital involved, and although most held them intact as long as they remained upon them, it is curious to observe how certainly they fell, with all the heaviest labor of their subjection done, into the hands of the sturdy yeomanry, who so became owners, and New England farmers, with no taint of tenantry about them.

In 1636 Endicott, the central energetic figure of the colony, conducted an expedition against the Indians of Block Island, with Trask, Davenport, and Read, of Salem Farms, as his lieutenants.

Among those to whom New England owed much for the early development of its resources and commerce was Mr. Hugh Peters. Arriving in 1635, he was for a time minister of the First Church in Salem, leaving them only because of the persistent urgency of many that he should make one of three commissioners to represent the colony in England. The interest of passing events prevented his return; he became one of Cromwell's chaplains, and at last, at the restoration, lost his head; showing in the matter less of tact than brilliant George Downing, son of his whilom neighbor, Emanuel Downing, who, by an easy "somersault" and the sacrifice of two or three friends, saved his own life, and secured further preferment from the restored king.

Mr. Peters appears prominently in the councils of the colony, and Winthrop says in his journal, December, 1640, that he was a man of great public spirit and singular activity, who stirred up the shipping interests, "now our money was gone." He urged the building of vessels and the raising of a surplus of marketable crops, and no doubt contributed more than any to that impulse which, in 1642, left Salem "without a commercial rival." In regard to the business of its incipient marine, Winthrop writes, in 1637, that Mr. Pierce, in the Salem ship *Desire*, returned from the West Indies, after a seven months' voyage, bringing cotton, tobacco, and negroes, and salt from Tortugas; and he further shocks our notions of the inflexible morality of the times by adding that dry fish and "strong water" are the only commodities for those parts. Perhaps he might have put "Indians" on his list of possible exports, for the practical Downing had advocated war with the Narragansets—who are devil-worshipers at best, he piously hints—that they might exchange them for Moors, who probably could not steal so quickly away to their native wilds. Again, in 1642, Winthrop notes the arrival at Boston of a small ship from Madeira, with wine and sugar, to be sold for pipe staves and other commodities of the country, and her return, leaving behind her Mr. Parish, her owner, who had been warned by the Jesuits of this place, but after a stay of divers months blessed God for bringing him hither.

And yet, in spite of the devout admiration of Mr. Parish, there was a glowing under-current of vague aspiration and unrest beneath the stiffened surface of so much sobriety that would break out here and there between the firm hands that sought to hold it down. It must have been an especial cause of bitterness to these earnest souls that the simple state they had founded should succeed so ill, the dissensions being not confined to vagrant ones, but breaking out among the very elect. There had been the defection of Williams, of Vane, Hutchinson, and Wheelwright. At Piscataqua (New Hampshire), as well as at Providence, had clustered into unstable communities souls loth of restraint, and changeful and absurd with a sense of newly found freedom. It was not a time for tenderness or concession, as was demonstrated by the events that came.

In October, 1638, Governor Winthrop wrote: "The devil would never cease to disturb our peace and to raise up insurgents one after another." He then tells of one Oliver's wife, of Salem, who was before Mrs. Hutchinson for ability of speech and appearance of devotion, but poor and of little acquaintance. This formidable woman took offense at not being admitted to the Lord's Supper without a confession of faith, and called for it on sacrament day, and, when denied, rose to plead her right. Nor would she cease until Mr. Endicott, the magistrate, threatened to send the constable to put her forth. She was afterward examined, seconding peremptorily enough the efforts to grasp the dark heresies of her heart, and at last committed to jail, whence she was released on her husband's bond, after acknowledging her fault to the Governor. But, that same Governor sadly writes, she still held to her former opinions. Five years later she was whipped for reproaching the magistrates, standing without tying, and glorying in her punishment with a masculine spirit, and yet with feminine feeling enough to be afterward much dejected at the reproach that had fallen upon her. Again we meet her for a silent half hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue for reproaching the elders. The ancient whipping-post, before the old Court-house, and the pillory of Salem could tell many a tale like this.

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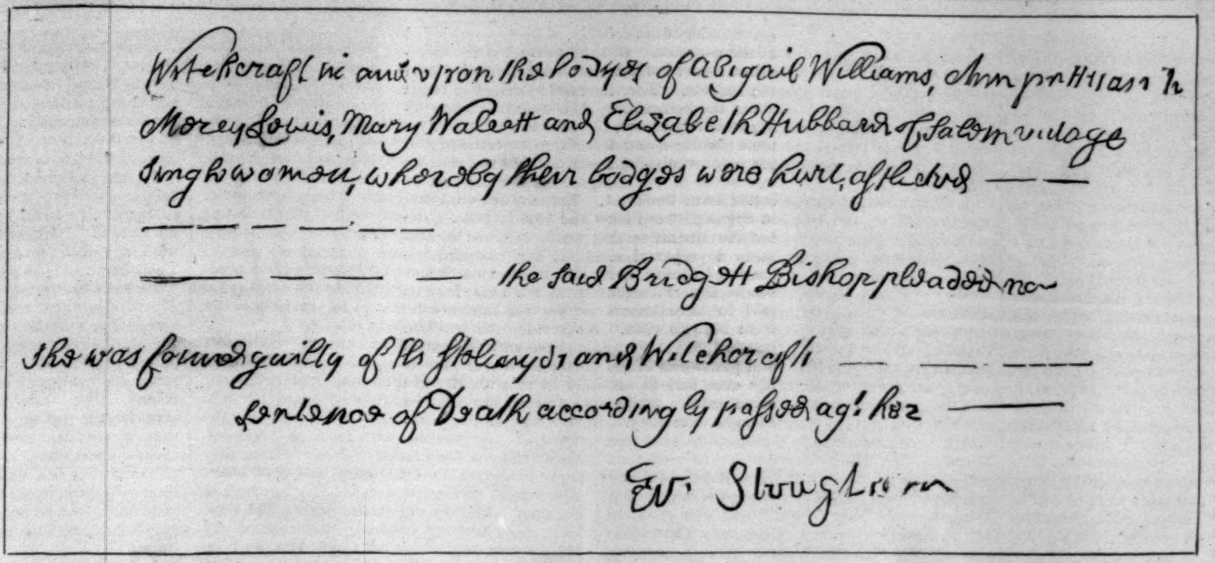
* The history of Washington Street, once Town-house Lane, would, indeed, not only take us back to the remoter days of the settlement of Salem, but reproduce from out its central life and activity scenes from nearly every epoch of its history. The Town-house, with its old-time whipping-post and other penal frame-work, stood in its centre; the first church also was upon it, and the town pump that Hawthorne makes to babble so limpidly through its nose. Here the public meetings were held, the voters sometimes arranging themselves in opposite lines in the street before the Town-house, to be counted; and here, also, the train-band deployed, notably, as Hawthorne also so graphically pictures, at the time of the affair of "Endicott and the Red Cross." Along Washington Street, also, lived many of the ancient notables we shall meet.

* The Plymouth Church was organized in Leyden.



Witchcraft in and upon the bodyes of Abigail Williams, Ann puttnam Jr, Mercy Lewis, Mary Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard of Salem village singlewomen, whereby their bodyes were hurt, afflicted — — — — — — — —

— — — — — the said Bridgett Bishop pleaded no

She was found guilty of the ffelonyes and Witchcrafts — — — —

Sentence of Death accordingly passed agt her —

Wm Stoughton

FAC-SIMILE OF DEATH-WARRANT OF PARTIES EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Lady Deborah Moody, a "wise and anciently religious woman" of Salem church, was, in 1643, taken in error of denying baptism to infants, and was "*dealt with*" (ah! there were no sacred privacies then) by many of the elders and others, and admonished. But, persisting, to avoid further trouble she removed to the Dutch, against the advice of all her friends, who afterward excommunicated her! So it was the policies of kindness and severity went hand in hand—not in any incongruous way, however; for the Puritan idea of government was no "let alone" one, and the magistrates, with a few exceptions of bewilderment or passion, were kinder than their code.

Among the weary heart-searchings and unprofitable corrections of this period, it is with a wonderful sense of refreshment that one comes upon a case like that of Jeremiah Watts, of Salem. A zealot and agitator, he denounced the clergy and its forms in no measured terms. Long time he fumed, but for some reason, no notice being taken of him, he subsides at last from our view into the profoundest and most ridiculous of silences. His bugbear became a very phantasm indeed; and one wonders if he ever had any confidence in himself after that.

And yet from 1637 to 1656, according to Hutchinson, was a time of great quiet in ecclesiastical affairs in New England. No doubt, then, that these were mere transient matters of discipline, and that there were seasons when the fathers congratulated themselves on the stability and growth of the institutions they had framed, little thinking that the tense fibres of their being would thrill all the more painfully to an alien touch because of their temporary repose. Necessary as it was that this nation should, as a Mr. Higginson of our own day says, put aside all Old-World frivolity, and establish itself upon foundations of absolute righteousness, yet that aspect of its being was but a condition—the self-denial of the devotee rather than the warm-blooded life to which men spontaneously turn when sufficiently chilled by the atmosphere of their ideal worlds. There was at the bottom of their constitution and life a principle of rigidity and exclusion that, strangely enough in this world, seems always to invite lawlessness and assault. The Quakers found in New England, from 1656 to 1660, rare chance of persecution and martyrdom, the cruel laws of Massachusetts being especially rich in discipline and opportunities of spiritual grace. But it was, rather than their teachings, the outrageous intrusiveness of these "Ranters" that made them so obnoxious to the order-loving magistrates; and to one who studies the times there appears in regard to them scarcely more of severity than of provocation. The unnatural laws passed against them were carried into effect with much reluctance, it having been thought that their very severity would deter all approach. The passionate exclamation of Governor Endicott, thanking God that he, at least, did not shrink from doing his duty, throws a flood of kindly light on the ruling spirits of that sad time.

While hovering about Boston with the fascination of a glorified death ever drawing them nearer, the Quakers seem to have found something of sympathy and shelter—no safe things for any to offer—in Salem. But nowhere did their zeal allow them repose. Here some were whipped for "disorderly behavior"—putting the people in terror with "wild and dreadful words," and coming into the congregation and calling to the minister in time of worship, declaring his preaching an abomination. In 1657 Christopher Holder, one of eight who had been reshipped to England, appeared again in Salem, and "spake a few words in meeting after the priest was done." He was "haled back by the hair of his head, and his mouth violently stopped with a glove and handkerchief thrust thereinto." Next day he was "had to Boston," and received thirty stripes, remaining in the jailer's custody nine weeks. He afterward lost his right ear for his persistence.

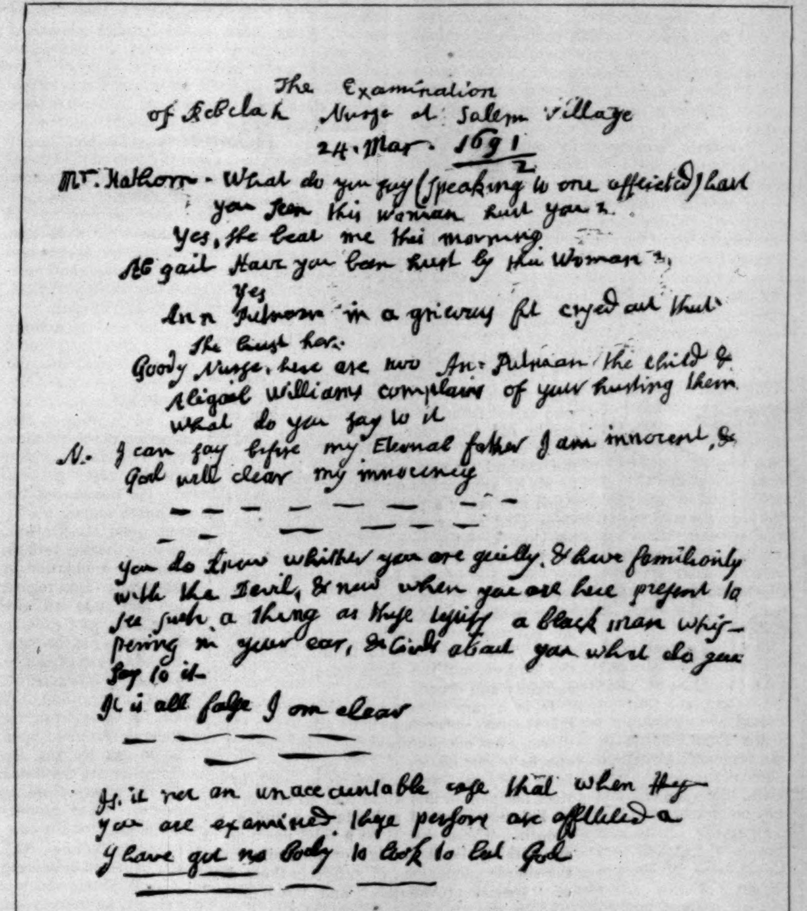
The people were full of sympathy for the persecuted ones, and in Boston a watch was ordered about the jail to keep them from communicating with the prisoners. In 1658 Marmaduke Stevenson, in distant Barbadoes, having heard of their "bloody law," came to Rhode Island, and, with his friend William Robinson, was commanded by the Lord to go to Boston and lay his life down. At once satisfactorily banished, with two others, we find them lingering about Salem a few weeks. Unable to find "freedom to depart," as did some, but "constrained in the love and power of the Lord to try your bloody law unto death," in the midst of quite a troop of friends the three (Mary Dyer going with them) marched into Boston. The simple finality of their preparations exhibits a heroism above the trivial dreads of this world, and touching beyond the pathos of words. Alice Cowland, of the company, brought with her some linen, which she showed the Governor, "wherein to wrap the dead bodies of them who were to suffer." Even Endicott's voice, it is said, sounded faintly as he sentenced them. And toward evening, under an impressive guard, with drums to drown the solemn and exultant voices of the condemned, and by a back way, "lest it affect the people too much," they were led out, walking hand in hand, Mary Dyer being "middlemost." It must have been a rare and passionate reluctance with which Mary, already upon the ladder, received her unwilling reprieve.

But these decisive acts brought little relief. The more sacred or conspicuous the occasion the surer were these fanatical ones to intrude. John Smith, of Salem, at the ordination of Mr. John Higginson (son of the earliest teacher), in 1660, made a disturbance, crying out, "What you are going to set up our God is pulling down!" Deborah Wilson, "a young woman of very modest and retired life," in obedience to an inward light, went through the streets of Salem "naked as when she came into the world," to signify the spiritual nakedness of the people—an act for which, says Hutchinson, she was well whipped. In 1659 some Quaker heads of families were sold in Salem.

Distasteful as such interference might be, it was certainly a relief to all when, in 1661, the order from the king to stay corporal punishment was presented to Endicott by one Shattuck, of Salem (with his hat on), and the stern Governor bowed in sarcastic bitterness to him who was, he said, a greater man than himself.

Before taking leave of the Quakers, lest we should have conveyed the idea that all were vagrants and fanatics, it is pleasant to invite for a moment upon our page so solid a representative man as Thomas Maule. Zealous alike in his religion and his business, he was as ready to entertain the persecuted of his sect as to listen to any fresh scheme of profit that might come in his way. His house and shop in Salem, built about 1679, must have been a comfortable harborage to those whose spirit of prophecy was still strong enough to unfit them for the affairs of this world, as well as to make them obnoxious to those who had at best accorded them but a reluctant and limited freedom.

In the early troubles with the Indians and French and the ruthless pirates that haunted the eastern coast Salem took no inconsiderable part.



The Examination
of Rebekah Nurse at Salem Village
24. Mar. 1691/2

Mr. Hathorn. What do you say (speaking to one afflicted) have you seen this woman hurt you?

Yes, she beat me this morning

Abigail. Have you been hurt by this Woman?

Yes

Ann Putnam in a grievous fit cryed out that she hurt her.

Goody Nurse, here are two An: Putnam the child & Abigail Williams complains of your hurting them What do you say to it

N. I can say before my Eternal father I am innocent, & God will clear my innocency

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

You do know whether you are guilty, & have familiarity with the Devil, & now when you are here present to see such a thing as these testify a black man whispering in your ear, & birds about you what do you say to it

It is all false I am clear

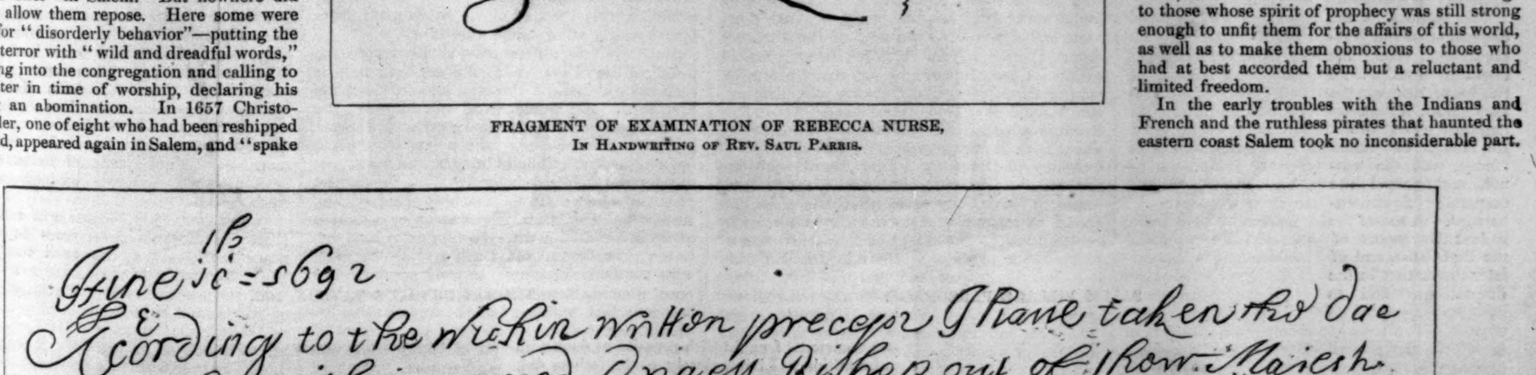
— — — — — —

Is it not an unaccountable case that when you are examined these persons are afflicted?

I have got no body to look to but God

John Hathorne
Jonathan Corwin Assts

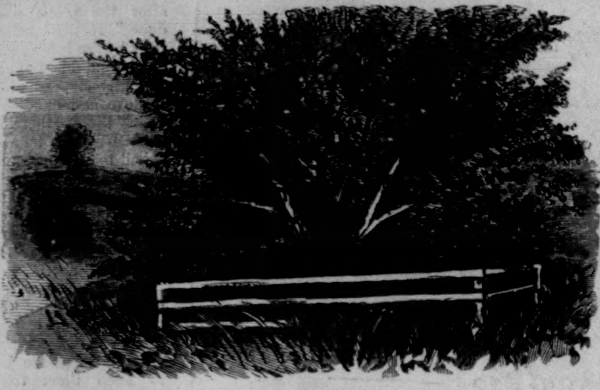
FRAGMENT OF EXAMINATION OF REBECCA NURSE,
IN HANDWRITING OF REV. SAUL PARRIS.



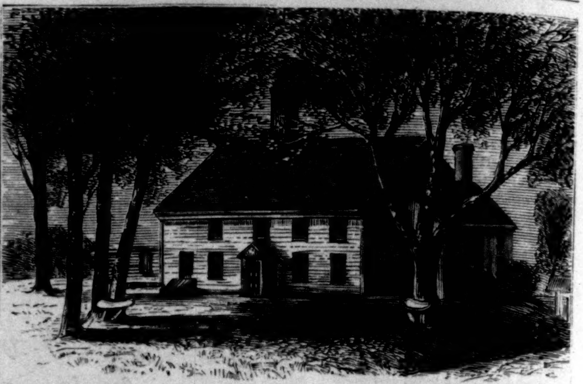
June 10 = 1692

According to the within written precept I have taken the bod of the within named Brigett Bishop out of their Majesties Goal in Salem and Safely Conveighed her to the place provi for her Execution and Caused ye sd Brigett to be hang by the neck untill shee was dead and ~~buried~~ ~~in the pl~~ all which was according to the time within Required and So I make

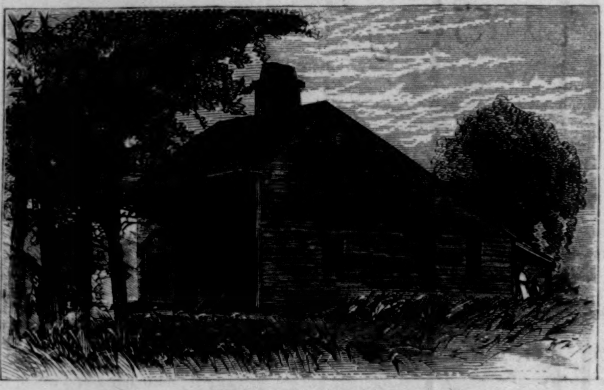
FAC-SIMILE OF THE RETURN BY THE SHERIFF ON THE DEATH-WARRANT OF BRIDGET BISHOP.



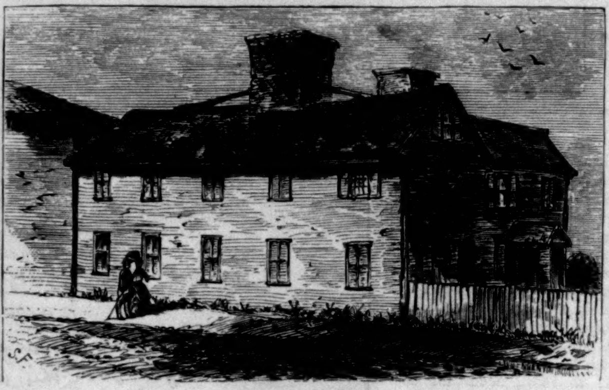
ENDICOTT PEAR-TREE.



PROCTER HOUSE.

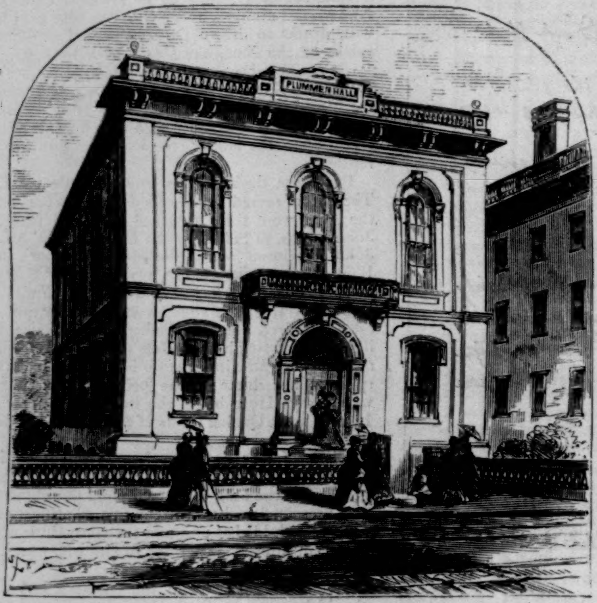


REBECCA NURSE HOUSE.

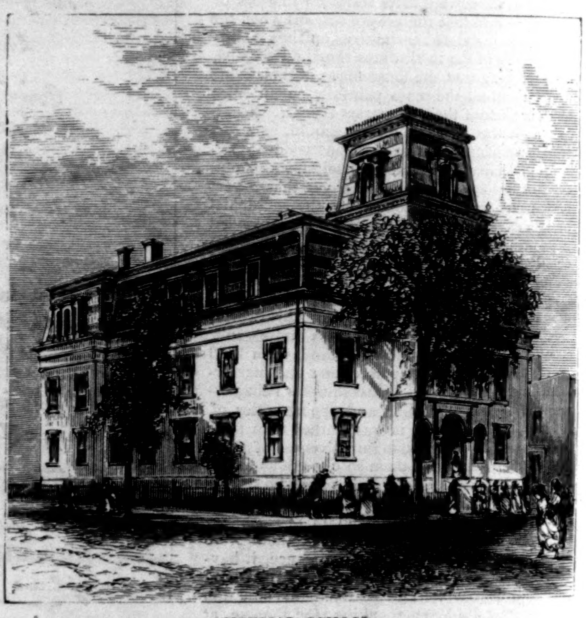


SHATTUCK HOUSE.

Although suffering but little within her own borders from their incursions, her soldiers bore their part in the frontier guard, and are prominent in the excursions for the rescue or defense of settlements more exposed. In 1675 Thomas Lothrop, of Salem, led the "Flower of Essex," county troops, to the assistance of the Connecticut River towns against Philip. After a decided victory over the Indians at Sugarloaf Hill, in August, he fell, with all but seven or eight of his company, at "Bloody Brook"—a disaster which filled the colonies with dark forebodings, and stirred them to the decisive preparations which resulted in the dispersion of the Narragansets and the death of Philip. In the brave race for the fiery mouth of the Narraganset fort John Raymond, of Salem village, was the winner, and passed the desperate fight unharmed. A son of the gallant Davenport of the Red Cross, and of later distinction in the Pequot war and as commander of the defenses of Boston, was killed at the entrance. But the success of the expedition secured only a temporary immunity from the Indians. They hovered in detached bands about the settlements, their dusky figures gliding stealthily among the shadows about the remote clearings, and showing to the terrified people quick-vanishing faces through the shifting interstices of the foliage, alert for any sign of incaution or weakness. Three men were killed in Salem between 1689 and 1690. Indeed, the terrible hostilities that made life in the outposts a perpetual shudder, and required the sheltered county of Essex to keep twenty-four scouts almost constantly in the field, may be said to have known no certain intermission from 1675 to 1759. No wonder the troubled people thought the Indians the very emissaries and pow-wows of the devil; for if that personage ever had fit servitors in this world these same subtle, malignant, and copper-skinned savages were they. In the rage of the populace against them many friendly and "praying Indians" were badly treated; and some women of Marblehead, coming out of meeting one day, fell upon two captives and barbarously murdered them!



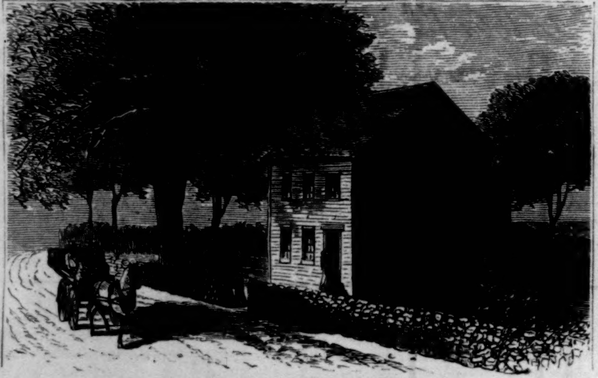
PLUMMER HALL.



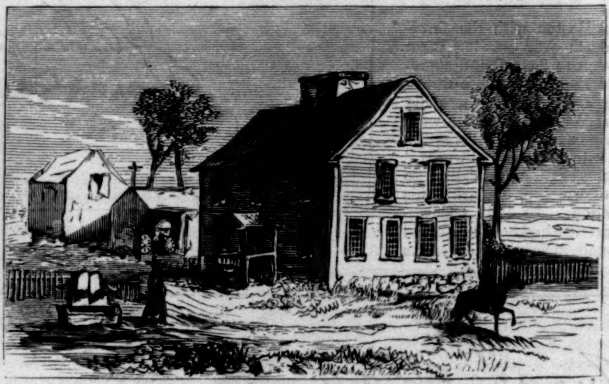
NORMAL SCHOOL.

In 1689 the distasteful government of Andros came to an end by the uprising of the people, who called from his retirement in Salem venerable old Governor Bradstreet to become again the head of a popular government. In the excited throngs who poured into Boston by all its approaches on that eventful 18th of April was many a public-spirited Salemite besides, glad to lay aside the petty interests of his shop or farm and lend his enthusiasm to the impulses of a righteous revolution. And yet, in spite of the joyful and ceremonious proclamation of the accession of William and Mary to the throne, the duration of the popular government depended upon an imperial will. The Indians were falling anew upon the borders, and the times were those of uncertainty and dread.

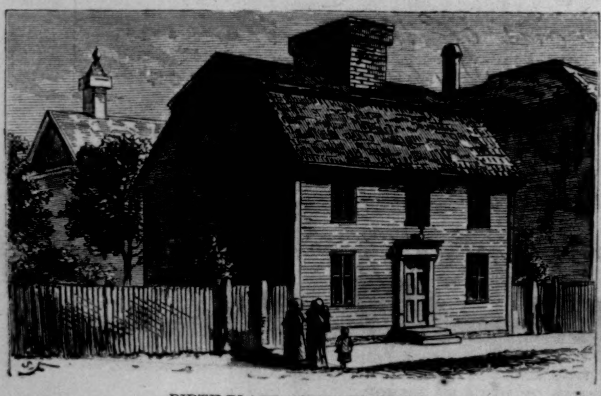
It is a rare imagination that can sympathize to-day—as perhaps none other than Hawthorne's has adequately done—with the earlier epochs of our history. Life then itself, as we have said, was curbed, finding so much of serious business in this world that all exuberance or lightness seemed a hinderance and a reproach. There should be a solid meaning in every thing, be it holiday or funeral. Even the simple phenomena of nature in those days of "special providences" and "judgments" were portents fraught with promise or dark with admonition. Living closely, as the fathers did, to the heavy letter of the Word, it is not strange that their very spirit world should have a nearness and definiteness we do not care to retain, or that to the hard, stern reality of their surroundings their devil matched himself, a black and actual presence. Good Governor Winthrop wrote in his Journal, in December, 1637, that "the Indians in our families" were much frightened with Habbanock, as they called the devil, appearing to them in divers shapes, persuading them to forsake the English, and not come to their assemblies, or learn to read. And again, in 1639, he questioningly records that "the Indians near Aquiday, being paw-pawing in this tempest, the devil came and fetched away five of them. Query." And yet—approaching with what directness we may the days of witchcraft in New England, and especially in Salem, the centre of the appalling deed of 1692—we are perhaps just a little disappointed in finding that the delusion was no sudden and spontaneous assault of the "Prince of the Power of the Air" upon a young and promising colony, but the result rather of superstitions that received papal recognition as early as 1484, and haunted the whole Christian world with their vague terrors, lingering here and there beyond the middle of the eighteenth century. Five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in 1515 in three months; and in Germany alone, from 1580 to 1680, as many as one thousand persons a year were executed for witchcraft—one hundred thousand souls! The delusion was world-wide, and New England, thrilling with Old-World memories and dreams, did not escape. There had been trials and executions both in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and Salem, the seat of Essex county, had business of that sort as early as 1652. But it was not until forty years later that the devil was thought to have set himself deliberately about the



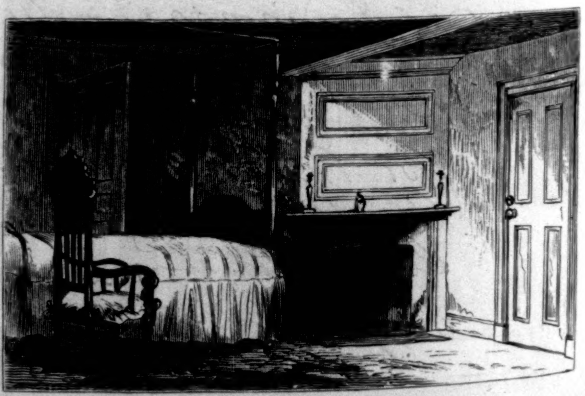
SALEM VILLAGE PARSONAGE.



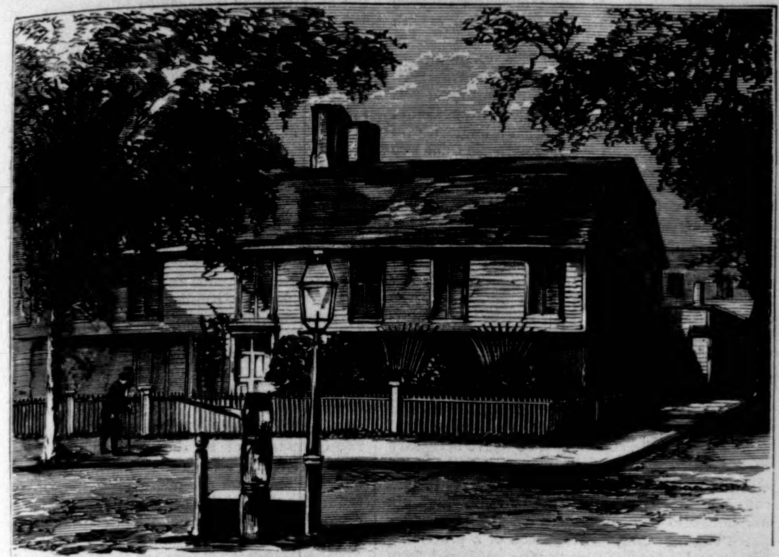
THOMAS BEADLE'S TAVERN, 1692.



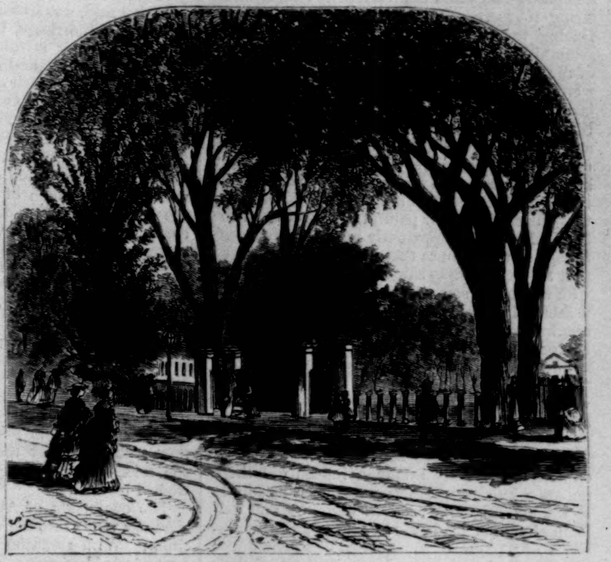
BIRTH-PLACE OF HAWTHORNE.



ROOM IN WHICH HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.



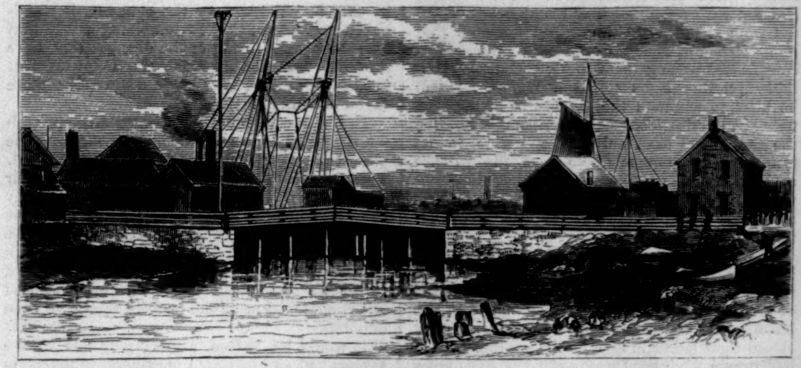
ROGER WILLIAMS HOUSE.



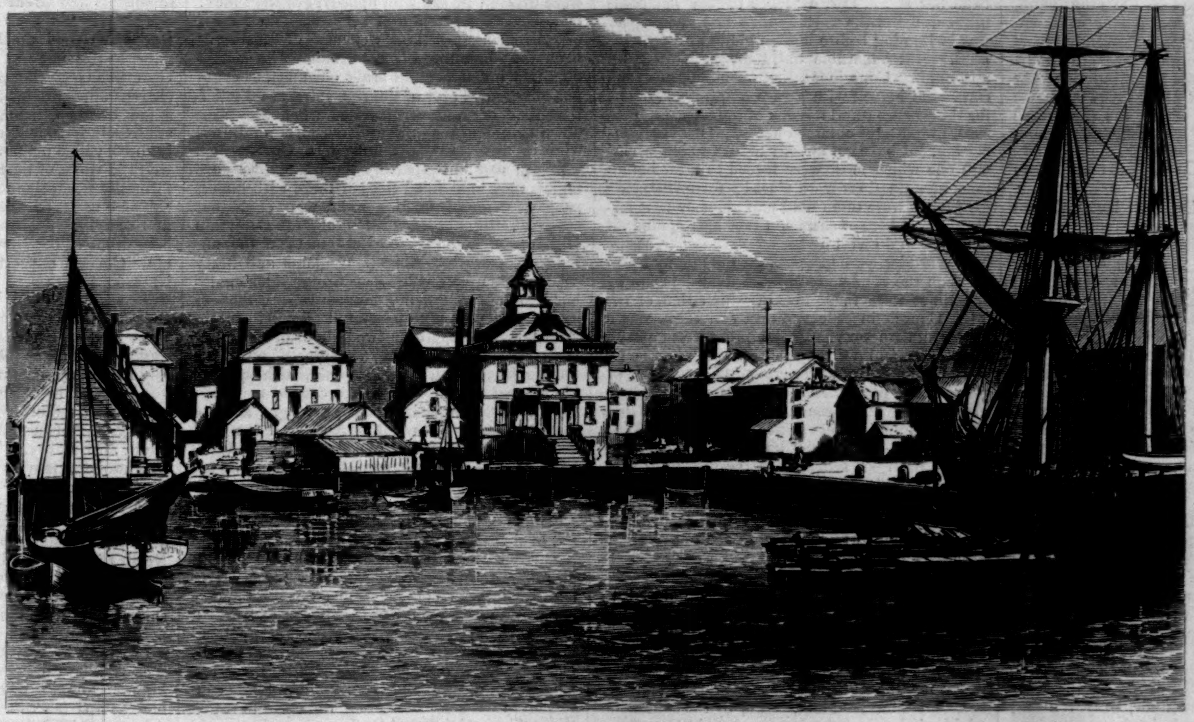
COMMON.

conquest of this world, with a view, perhaps, to the "thousand years" that had somewhere been apportioned him.

Salem village, with its rich farms, that had passed from the few original "planters" of the colony into the hands of a sturdy yeomanry, was in 1692 a community in itself, with its church, train-band, and common, and containing within its borders all the industries of thrifty village life. Among the many graphic pictures given us by Mr. Upham of that time, is none more pleasant than that of the Sunday noon-time gossipings of the good villagers at Deacon Ingersoll's ordinary (licensed to keep a victualing-house, and to sell beer and cider by the quart, on the Lord's-day, was he), or in the spacious rooms of his house, loitering out-of-doors in the pleasant weather, clad all in their sober best, and discreetly ventilating whatever of interest their week of separation had disclosed. At Deacon Ingersoll's, also, all the public business of the village was done; and here often the congregation adjourned from their unwarmed church in the colder weather. It was the centre of an active and superstitious population, and its conversation was often saturated with the dark troubles and beliefs of the times. There had been, prior to the spring of 1692, enough of undoubted witchcraft to give a lurid tinge to all untoward occurrences, and the books of the day treated piously of the "wonders of the invisible world." None could have a colic, or a nightmare, or a runaway pig, but a conclave of shrewd heads could detect in it the malice of some one whom the devil had sealed for his own, and made potent in all diabolical arts.

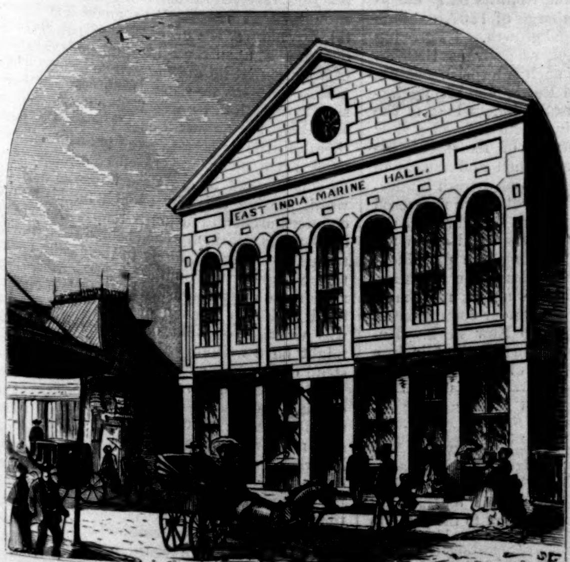


NORTH BRIDGE.

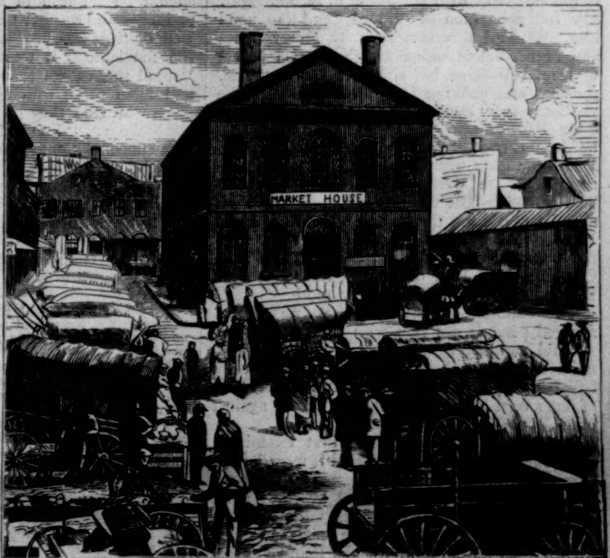


CUSTOM-HOUSE.

It was probably with a mischievous intent to tickle this greed for the marvelous that certain young girls at the village began first to practice in public the strange feats and contortions and the minor arts of necromancy they had learned from one another and from Tituba, an old West India slave of Mr. Parris, the village minister. The unhallowed meetings of these young girls—daughters and servants of the sober heads of the village—at the house of Mr. Parris must have been conducted with rare secrecy and success. And when they began to exhibit their proficiency loosely about in the daylight, going into convulsions, carrying themselves hither and thither without visible effort, and being stuffed, as it seemed, with great reluctance, into pot-holes and out-of-the-way corners, uttering strange gibberish the while, no wonder that good Dr. Griggs was called in, and that he, out of the depths of his profound learning, pronounced that an evil hand was upon them. The doctors had already been instrumental in hanging one witch in Charlestown, and exposing another in Salem—both females, who practiced medicine, and whose simple herbs were, in the minds of the ponderous faculty, wholly inadequate to the easy cures they wrought—and were to be relied on. Urged to reveal who it was that tormented them, the "afflicted" ones, no doubt half frightened at their own temerity, gasped out the names of poor vagrant Sarah Good, and bedridden Sarah Osburne, and black Tituba. At this there was a general feeling of relief, for a cloud, dark-freighted with suspicion, had already settled over the community. There was always hope at the discovery of a fresh witch that the intentions of Satan in regard to this world might be at last fully exposed, and he be scourged away by the more potent spell of the Gospel law. Suspected ones were handled with politic rigor. Confession was urged as their only course; *then* the stern court would become lenient, and assist them against the evil one they had renounced. But most would not confess; and the determined magistrates supposed themselves long at tussle with the Powers of Darkness when they were only fleshing their hands in brave human hearts.



EAST INDIA MARINE HALL.



MARKET-HOUSE.

The afflicted girls had hinted of others besides the three cried out upon who hurt them; and, after decisive action had been taken with the first, they found themselves involved in a terrible web of deceit that would suffer them no repose. And yet there must have been a bewildering fascination in it all for them, young and giddy as they were, and the centre of a whirl of attention and notoriety that for six months did not flag. They cried out upon men, women, and children in all the country round, and the more respectable the object of suspicion the intenser their torments, and, for a time, the sterner the aspect of the magistrates at the sad defections among the very elect. The seething pool of gossip was constantly floating to the top the obnoxious names with which the courts were fed. The very virtues of life became black scandal. One Susanna Martin, who walked a long way in wet weather without soiling her skirts, was thought by another, who said she would have been wet to her knees had she walked that far, to be a witch—one probably who had tossed away her light aerial broomstick on alighting at the door.

The belief in the power of the witches to approach their victims in spectral shapes, unseen by the many, and to afflict them through puppets, or bundles of rags made to represent them, had removed the grounds of evidence from the regions of fact into the riotous realms of imagination. At the examinations of Sarah Good, and Osburne, and Tituba, before John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, Esquires, at the meeting-house of Salem village, on the 1st of March, 1692, the same course was pursued as at the later examinations in the same place, and at Thomas Beadle's tavern, or the house of Jonathan Corwin, or in the First Meeting-house in the town. Allowing no evidence for the defense, the magistrates assumed from the first the guilt of the accused, and applied themselves to the case in hand with all the vigor of prosecuting attorneys. A series of aggressive questions, following every hesitating turn of the prisoners with the keenest scrutiny, generally resulted in entangling them in helpless blunderings and inadvertencies—all too flattering to their acuteness in the law, and convincing to an audience already horrified into something beyond credulity by the superb acting of the ever-present girls. The torments of these were never so acute as when their poor victims, beaten back upon themselves and half distrusting the convictions of their own innocence, grew pale and clasped their hands, and with trembling lips turned their eyes to Heaven if there might be any succor. It was then the prayerful hands pinched them hardest, and, lest any pity should steal in, they shrieked in their painful writhings upon the floor. Indeed, so apparently real were their sufferings at these times that many were convinced that they themselves saw and heard the spectres with which they struggled and remonstrated, their words and acts so vividly implying the presence of another party. With exclamations quick with horror they pictured the apparition of the accused upon the beams of the meeting-house, with her "yellow bird," or pointed out the "black man" whispering in her ear, until the spectators shrank appalled from the shadowy shapes their own imaginations had evolved.

The conduct of the accusing persons would exhibit a malignity inhuman indeed did there not enter into its explanation questions as subtile as the dividing line between certainty and hallucination, and shadowed by all the ghostly mysteries of "physical phenomena." Flushed and breathless with the mystic excitement of their parts, they entered into them with that sense of reality and of fate that has made many actors dangerous men upon the stage. With some there was no shadow of doubt. Their delicate nerves, thrilling with sympathy for the afflicted ones, at last gave way, and they *felt* the tortures that to their imaginations had been so real. And yet there were those who in their cooler moments were conscious of their deceit. At the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll one of the afflicted cried out, "There's Goody Procter!" William Raymond, Jun., and Goody Ingersoll told her they believed she lied, for there was nothing. The girl then "said she did it for sport—they must have some sport." It seems just a little hard that so much had been denied them that they must seek it in possible ways like this.

But there was lacking a mind skeptical and brave enough to organize these palpable tokens of delusion and deceit into an effective argument for the defense. Above all, the duty-worshiping magistrates did not doubt. The determined refusal of most of the girls to write their names in Satan's book, in spite of the winding-sheet and coffin offered on the other hand, made them very proud and tender of them. What! asked they, indignantly, of a suspected one, as the agonies of the girls threw the court into horrified confusion, dare you practice your arts before the very magistrates? And when she produced a knife's point, which, she said, some spectre had left broken in her flesh, and a young man in court identified it as a fragment he had thrown away, the court merely bade her not to lie any more.

Besides those whom the court harassed into feeble and bewildered confession (some saying afterward that the magistrates and witnesses seemed so certain that they could no longer doubt, and so mentioned certain despondent days, these being as likely as any the time of their yielding up to Satan), there were those among the afflicted who did much more to strengthen the delusion of the people by being cried out upon, and wantonly confessing to many of the weird absurdities that were believed of them. It indeed appears as if, as some suppose, an organized intelligence was behind the many accusations; but we are fain to see nothing more deliberate than a wild and mocking conspiracy of events. The very magistrates had adopted the popular theory, and, as in all inquisitorial courts, every prisoner, willing or reluctant, was made, by subtleties he knew not of, to become a confirmation of the magisterial idea.

"Hang them; they are all witches," said John Willard, speaking of the accusing girls. He was evidently a dark skeptic for those times, and later went away to Groton to avoid arrest for his unallowable sympathy with God-forsaken witches. But he was brought back by the far-reaching hand of justice, and found guilty of sadly bewitching his old grandfather, Bray Wilkins, who "was in a grievous pain in the small of my belly," at the same time that Mercy Lewis (one of the afflicted), with her power of second-sight, saw the apparition of Willard, fiend-like, upon him. Willard was also seen by Mercy Lewis and Mary Walcott upon the throat and breast of Daniel Wilkins, his sick and tender uncle, pressing and choking him until he died. The verdict was, "Bewitched to death." Stanch John Procter said that if he had John Indian he would soon "beat the devil out of him." "If these girls were let alone," he said, "we should all be devils and witches quickly." The whipping-post was his remedy. But such skepticism did not thrive, and both Willard and Procter took that fatal cart ride with Mr. Burroughs, and George Jacobs, Sen., and Martha Carrier on the 19th of August, returning from the stony brow of Witch Hill no more.

The examinations and more imposing trials of accused persons are rich with examples of respectful humility before the courts, and of submission to the will of God, as well as of calm belief in one's own innocence, though even they of one's own household testify in terror against him.

Friendless Sarah Good, the first examined, cried out, "I scorn it!" and said it must be Osburne who afflicted the witnesses. And at the place of execution, when urged by Mr. Noyes, the Salem minister, to confess, he telling her she was a witch, and she knew it, she cried out, "You are a liar; I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink"—a prediction which, tradition said, was strangely verified, he dying of a violent hemorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth. But it is said he sought before his death, with prayer and good works, to atone for his course in those evil days.

Poor, feeble Sarah Osburne did not know that the devil went about in her likeness to do any hurt, but was conscious of her own innocence. She died, at last, manacled and in jail.

The early confession of Tituba, the old slave witch, reveals much of the dark machinery of the tragedies. The devil, it should be noted, could operate in this world only through the agency of human beings. Tituba said, in answer to questions, that he came to her and bade her serve him; that certain women came to her and said, "Hurt the children, or we will do worse to you." Sometimes the appearance was a man, at others a hog or dog; and when she said she would serve him no longer, he was a man again, who had a yellow bird that kept with him, and who told her he had many pretty things for her. These apparitions pulled and hauled her at times, and made her go and torment whom they would. They rode together upon sticks, she said, seeing nothing, but were where they wished presently.

The confession of Abigail Hobbs also opens shadowy vistas into the weird superstitions of the times. With a wanton recklessness she declared herself afraid of nothing, "for she had sold herself, body and soul, to the Old Boy." She was at the great witch meeting in Mr. Parris's pasture, "when they administered the sacrament, and did eat of the red bread and drink of the red wine at the same time," and declared that Mr. Burroughs, once pastor of Salem village, was conspicuous among them there. Mary Warren said Mr. Burroughs "had a trumpet, which he blew to summon the witches to their feasts near Mr. Parris's house"—a trumpet that reached the ears of the elect only, far and wide, to the "uttermost settlements," so that the witches could mount their brooms and be there in a moment. And these last were witnesses, the first against her own father, and Warren against her master, sturdy John Procter!

Amidst such appalling mysteries as these, and believing, as most of them did, in the reality of witchery, the bearing of the prisoners was full of heroism. Martha Corey could laugh in the bitterness of her skepticism and despair, as they closed their fantastic lines about her life. They had drawn from her free-spoken husband, Giles Corey (at first credulous of all the doings), and from her son-in-law, evidence toward her commitment; and the world, with all its sacred ties, was swimming before her—a giddy unreality indeed. But venerable old Rebecca Nurse* did not laugh. Conscious of her own innocence, she conducted herself with a rare humility that, but for the preternatural spasms of the accusing persons, would have obtained her release. Her conclusion, "I have got nobody to look to but God," was one which most were forced to utter before their examinations were closed; for one's nearest friends were often held half aloof by that stifling atmosphere of suspicion that surrounded all who had to do with a witch.†

But sadder, perhaps, than all the infamy heaped upon the condemned by the mad delusion of the times were those acts of which that of the First Church in Salem, on July 3, 1692, was a representative one. In the presence of pastor and elders, and a throng pale and breathless with the expectation of some crowning exhibition of demoniacal power, Rebecca Nurse was led, in clinking chains, up the broad aisle, and sentence of excommunication passed upon her. Who shall describe the utter heaviness of soul, sustaining itself but faintly with the flickering consciousness of its own innocence, with which she heard the dreadful words of Mr. Noyes, denying her, in this her hour of need, all Christian sympathy and support, and casting her out, a thing of hatred and horror, on whom the devil had set his triumphant seal?

Among those of the accused who dared to characterize the conduct of the witnesses as it deserved was neat Susanna Martin, who did not, she said, think the girls bewitched. They might lie, for aught she knew: "A false tongue will never make a guilty person." Martha Carrier, too, that "rampant hag," who, by the confession of the witches and the ingenuous evidence of her own little children, had been promised that she should be "queen of hell," met them with a plainness and a spirit that made them think she well merited her prospective honors. She told the magistrates it was shameful for them to "mind these folks that are out of their wits;" and upon those who hinted of the spectres of some who said they had been murdered by her she broke out, "You lie! I am wronged." The torments of the unfortunate afflicted were at this so violent that it was necessary to bind her, hand and foot, with all expedition, that they might not die.

The belief in the reality of the spectral tormentors of the afflicted, and the flimsiness of the nightmare testimony of the other witnesses, whose eyes were grown round as moons at the simple mishaps of their daily lives, would hardly have stood before the rising criticism of even that credulous age but for the certainty with which all skepticism was turned into collusion and guilt. Aged George Jacobs, examined at the tavern of Thomas Beadle, laughed as Abigail Williams went through her spasmodic rôle before him. It was absurd that they should convict him on evidence like that; but, with all his independence and sharp good sense, he was at last driven to say, "Well, burn me or hang me, I will stand in the truth of Christ. I know nothing of it." With five others he was tried and condemned in the Salem court-house on the 5th of August.

Gay Bridget Bishop, the only one we meet in those sombre times who dared to brighten her life with something of freedom and color, was the first who graced the "locust-tree" upon Gallows Hill. Against her testified Samuel Shattuck, hatter and dyer, son of the troublesome old Quaker of Endicott's time. A good customer of his had been Bridget Bishop, with her gay notions, but bringing to him such fine and incomprehensible laces and gewgaws to be dyed as he could not, in conscience, conceive necessary to the attire of any godly woman. With such elaborate tastes there were, of course, puppet rolls enough, with pins thrust in them, found in her house to witness against her—a housewife's patch-bag affording hot evidence of a practicing witch, and a bottle of rusty pins, gathered from such trumpery and from the bodies of the afflicted, being still preserved. The house of Shattuck, with its flat roof for drying his goods, and its coop-like stairway by the chimney, is standing to-day, one of the few remaining marks that lead the visitor to regret the changes that have removed from his approach the many ancient houses that would afford him a tangible picture of the old-time Salem he came to see.

The death-warrant of Bridget Bishop, with the sheriff's return upon its back, is the only one preserved of the nineteen that were served. Twenty persons, including Giles Corey, lost their lives before the delusion began to break.* Corey alone was slowly crushed under weight, because he would not plead (conviction being certain), he bravely telling them they might as well pile on the rocks, for delay was of no use. Some died in prison. Of the hundreds who were accused and imprisoned in all the country round we need only hint.

It would be, indeed, an engaging task, if the subject had less of tragic heaviness, to touch, in closing, upon some of the grim humors that were evolved by the wild upheaval of the times; of the misadventures that befell Captain Alden, of Boston, among the "wenches" of Salem village, they handling his good name with a freedom and indelicacy the brave old mariner could not understand; or of the ripe spirit of mischief that they of Andover invoked when they sent down to Salem that the afflicted girls might tell who it was that "overlooked" a certain sick woman; and how speedily the scandalous contagion they bred filled the jail there with honest people. Viewed in this light, who could but smile at the absurd onslaughts of Benjamin Hutchinson and Eleazer Putnam upon the unseen spectres that Abigail Williams and Mary Walcott pointed out in Deacon Ingersoll's chamber? Some of the first-comers were wounded, and the room being at last full of witches, "in their apparitions," these two knights of the rapier stabbed vigorously, "at a venture," until the floor was covered, the girls said, with spectral blood, and the wounded were carried to a distant hill. Don Quixote never fought a more fantastic battle than that. And then the wild race through the woods, to which Elizabeth Hubbard spurred old Clement Coldum, riding on his horse behind him from meeting, and telling him there were devils behind them, though he could see none—"Why," cried she, "the woods are full of them!"—till he drove like mad.

But we must bring to a close these broken gleanings from the rounded fullness of Mr. Upham's volumes,† content to give but a fragmentary picture of the witchcraft delusion of 1692—a delusion whose effects were long felt in the business derangements, as well as in the troubled social life of Salem, and which, with its final slow perception of error, and often humble public confession of irremediable wrong, did more to soften the stubborn rigidity of Puritan sway than could years of placid progress.

The commerce of Salem, from its early inception until the hurtful embargo of 1807, exhibits a persistent though unequal growth. Its groping impulses received a check as early as 1642, in the return to England of such enterprising spirits as Peters, Downing, and Read; and disappointments in regard to the establishment both of the college and the capital in Salem infused a slow caution into the adventures of its speculative men. The demand for its men and means in the Narraganset war of 1675 was a fresh hinderance, from which it could hardly have recovered when the general shaking up of things in the witchcraft delusion of 1692 disturbed again the current of its affairs. Among the prominent persons who were obliged to leave the neighborhood for safety was Philip English, merchant. With his wife he was in jail, under commitment, and together they escaped to New York. English was the owner of fourteen buildings, a wharf, and twenty-one sail of vessels—a man whom the town could not afford to lose even for the little time he was obliged to stay away. In 1694 Salem was third in wealth among the towns of Massachusetts, Boston and Ipswich being before it. In 1698 a severe economy was necessary to retrieve the losses by a destructive fire in the crowded part of the town. And after all this record of disaster and delay it is with a sense of riper desert that we read, somewhat indefinitely, in Dr. Bentley, that in 1732 Salem need fear no comparison.

During the ante-Revolutionary troubles the part of Salem was no inconspicuous one. The files of the Salem *Gazette*—a paper established in 1768, being the oldest in existence in the commonwealth—are rich in historic matter. The merchants joined in the general agreement not to purchase English goods, and when the government and custom-house were removed from shut-up Boston to Salem, in 1774, the citizens issued an admirable address to Governor Gage, pointing out the folly of a transference of the royal favor from Boston. The head-quarters of the Governor-General were at the Collins House, in Danvers, opposite which were camped two companies of regulars; and a little later a regiment arrived from Halifax, and encamped near the fort upon Salem Neck. Governor Gage found the popular branch of the government not more tractable in the court-house at Salem than it had been in Boston, and on the 17th of June, 1774, dissolved the House, ordering a new election. The new representatives being as little to his liking, he forbade them to meet; but, ignoring his order, they assembled on the 7th of October, and sent him word that they were ready to assume their duties. All day they sat waiting in silent session, until the exasperated Governor sent his secretary with the black rod to disperse them; ordering troops from the Neck into Essex Street, to be in readiness for any outbreak. The members at once closed the doors of the court-house against all intrusion, and, declaring that the Governor had no power to dissolve a not yet assembled parliament, and that he had abandoned the government by not appearing to organize the House, resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, electing John Hancock president, and Benjamin Lincoln vice-president, adjourning at once to a place of safety. Beside a marble tablet upon the Washington Street front of the First Church in Salem, commemorating the spot on which it first assembled, is one that looks down upon the site of the once contiguous court-house, and tells the story of those brave resolves, which, it says, terminated "all political connection between Massachusetts and Great Britain."

This was not the only time that the British troops marched up Essex Street with loaded guns, to disperse meetings and conventions that Governor Gage thought seditious. But the alert citizens appear to have merely denied themselves a few of the delicious verbosities of preambles and resolutions, and to have accomplished their business with a unanimity and dispatch that knew well the value of time and the unimportance of formality when there are bayonets not far away.

There are even those who claim for Salem the first determined blood of the Revolution, in the later affair of the North Bridge. As in the case of the Concord expedition, two months later, British troops were sent to seize certain guns that were thought to be secreted in North Salem. Colonel Leslie, with one hundred and forty men, from Boston, landed quietly at Marblehead, on Sunday, February 26, 1775, and proceeded rapidly across the country to Salem. Most of the good people, as was evidently expected, were at church; but there were abroad men and boys enough to run in "at every door," with that already stirring cry, "The regulars are coming!" The ministers may have graced their services with closing prayers, but their final audiences must have been but restless and thin. The bells were rung, drums beat, and the militia hurried to arms; and when Colonel Leslie arrived at the North River he found a swarm of Sunday-garbed citizens upon the opposite side, tradition says, hurrying clumsily away with cattle, some old ship cannon from the wharf, and, separating him by a few yards from so much patriotic industry, an antique draw-bridge tilted up upon its pier. Swearing he would cross at any cost, he ordered his men to seize a scow lying near the bridge; but the Spartan owner, jumping in, with a grapnel plunged a hole through its bottom. In the scuffle that attended this dashing act some one, it is said, received the slight bayonet wound which should, in all reason, have made him immortal. Whatever the event, it is certain that Colonel Leslie, upon the bridge, detected the gleam of a spirit that he did not care to assail. These useless old guns may have been used as a diversion to deter him from searching for stores more valuable; but he was probably content to think them of little importance to him, who could not carry them away, and, to effect a compromise, he was allowed to cross the bridge to fulfill his word, passing only far enough for his men to countermarch, and instantly return. A company of Danvers militia marched behind the retreating troops, stepping resolutely to the British music, to the boundary of South Salem. Further along their route were ambushed the militia of Marblehead, and only a grain of heedless provocation was wanting on that day, and our historians might have written Salem and Marblehead instead of Concord and Lexington.

Of the part of the people of Salem in the succeeding disturbances and the opening battles of the Revolution there can be no doubt. Her ship-masters were among the first to take out letters of marque and reprisal. Privateering opened for her commerce a larger and bolder field; and after the Revolution the adventures that had crept along the coasts, and in the old traditional routes, became tame beside the promise of the remoter seas. In regard to the opening of the East India trade we learn that Jonathan Carnes with the first cargo of pepper, was utterly wrecked at the West Indies on his homeward way. But the secret of his voyage was kept; and, in 1802, a vessel, sailing "without chart or guide," arrived safely home with its cargo. The question with the wondering people was, what would ever be done with so much of the fiery and expensive stuff? In a rapid review of the inception and the palmy days of the commerce of Salem, we read: "With a few erroneous charts and maps, a sextant, and 'Guthrie's Grammar,' they swept around the Cape of Good Hope, exhausted the markets of the isles of France and Bourbon, and, pushing onward, entered the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and secured the trade of the Red Sea. They brought from Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay the best of their staples, and had their choice of the products of Ceylon and Sumatra." It was to no narrow "Yankee" impulse for traffic that they confined their voyages, but were assiduous as well in gaining a knowledge of the countries they visited. In 1801 the East India Marine Society was formed of such masters and supercargoes of vessels as had rounded Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. Besides the benevolent objects of the society it was forward in the interchange of information—a finer sort of traffic—in regard to matters of interest to its members, and by their efforts was filled a valuable museum of rare antiquities and curiosities from the ports of the East and the Pacific isles. These collections, together with those of the Essex Natural History Society, are accessible to the public to-day, in the spacious East India Marine Hall, fitted up from the munificent fund given by Mr. George Peabody to found a Peabody Academy of Science.

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* Wife of patriarchal Francis Nurse, once a tray-maker in the town, and who, with their sturdy sons and daughters, had made the Townsend Bishop farm his own.

† Even when friends, as in her case, stirred by a sense of infinite cruelty and wrong, were ready to do what they might, by sympathy and protestation, for the accused, it was but little they could accomplish; as witness the many fruitless petitions and testimonials that were so humbly offered to the "honored court" and Governor (Sir William Phipps). Captain Jonathan Cary was denied the privilege of holding up one of his wife's hands at her examination, she being compelled to stand with arms stretched out, lest she should renew her pantomimic torturing of the girls; nor would they allow him to support her as she grew faint, Justice Hathorne saying, if she had strength enough to torment these persons, she should be able to stand. But he could, at least, keep beside her, and wipe the sweat and tears from her face.

* Bridget Bishop was hung in June; Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, and Rebecca Nurse on the 19th of July; George Burroughs, John Procter, George Jacobs, Sen., John Willard, and Martha Carrier on the 19th of August; and Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell, and Mary Parker on the 22d of September, 1692. "What a sad thing it is," said Mr. Noyes, in regard to the last, "to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!"—the last occasion he had for such pious deprecation.

† "Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village, etc."—CHARLES W. UPHAM.

If from a picture of such world-wide enterprise we must turn to the limited coasting trade that occupies the wharves of Salem to-day, it is not without a suspicion that there were causes beyond the reach of human energy that led to its decay. The opening for its greatest activity had been but accidental, and was not the result of home demands. The concentration of energies in Europe during the long war left its foreign trade largely in the hands of neutral vessels. Rich cargoes, fragrant with all the spicy odors of the East, were landed on American wharves, only to be reshipped at once and sent abroad as American exports. In the commercial outrages and complications of 1806, and the embargo of 1807, this trade received a check that the quick-coming war of 1812, with its maritime needs, had made nearly fatal. The natural equilibrium of trade, upon a final peace, left Salem but an equal chance among the other ship-owners of the world—a chance which is improved to a certain extent to-day, though with so little reference to local demands that there are many in Salem who have a notion that their town is still represented in the commerce of the world, but can not positively say in what way.

But if commerce, seeking the great centres of distribution, has turned aside from Salem, it is pleasant to observe that beneath the showy prosperity of her somewhat aristocratic marine were alive the energies of a humbler self-support. With a population of over 24,000 souls to-day within its bounds, there are yet no traces of ineradicable thriftlessness or dilapidation. Life seems to get on easily here; and with its growing manufactories and recent railroad facilities, Salem may well regard her future with much of comfortable complacency. It was a little disappointing to the visitor, where he had looked for the conservative economy of a people who had no prospect ahead in the world, to find such wide systems of judicious expenditure as are evinced in the admirable schools, intellectual and charitable societies, and public institutions of Salem. Nowhere has voluntary liberality and effort done more for the relief and improvement of all classes. The various scientific, literary, and æsthetical societies that cluster in Plummer Hall, with their collections of historical portraits and drawings, and their growing libraries of 40,000 volumes, present social and educational opportunities of the most attractive kind. The permanent value of the researches and published results of the Essex Historical Society is well known. Less arduous, and partaking often of the nature of festivals, are the labors of the Essex County Natural History Society, with its pleasant acquisitive excursions and field meetings, and its horticultural and floral exhibitions in Plummer Hall. These united societies are known as the Essex Institute, with its several departments of history, natural history, horticulture, and the fine arts. With such facilities as these, besides the general literature offered by the library of the Salem Atheneum, and the social and musical gatherings at Plummer Hall, there surely need be no moral hunger.

Of the reflected celebrity which a town acquires from having been some time the abiding-place of men who have made themselves prominent in the world there is hardly room to speak. Israel Putnam, Colonel Pickering, Count Rumford, Prescott, Choate—these are taken at random from among the names of those that Salem may claim in some degree as her own. The mind concerns itself but lightly, however, with these, having already done them some adequate measure of justice for their deeds; and were it not that there remains one native of Salem, and heir to a sad and subtile sympathy with all its sombre past, whose measure of desert we may not so easily write down, our article might here find its close.

The adventures of the visitor in search of the house where Hawthorne wrote, in 1836, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won (Salem, Union Street)," were such as largely to unsettle his mind for any reverential glooms. A narrow way between the houses, labeled Union Street, unpaved, dusty, and without walks, met his solitary eye upon one of his vagrant rambles. Ah! this, then, was the place, etc., etc.; and he imagined himself pouring a flattering unction upon the local pride of the first passer-by in asking him for the Hawthorne house. But it was something humbling to his idea of the universality of fame (and Hawthorne often frankly met the same truth in his day) to have to explain that it was about forty years ago that the person lived here; that he was an author whose rare felicities the nations had long ago recognized. The passer thought, if that was the case, most any body could tell where he lived. There was a rare unanimity in this belief in the neighborhood which the visitor disturbed in his zeal. But the climax of floundering absurdity was reached by a Celtic cobbler, whose little shop he had invaded at the profound advice of a whole family, and who blurted out from features all astray with the problem they had undertaken to solve, "Was he a Frinchman? No? Well, thin—" taking his pipe out of his mouth, and leaning against the door as if he could, in time, evolve something out of his moral consciousness that would meet his wants. But it was of no use, and the "ould settler," to whom he at last directed him, was only able to put him in the way of a lady who knew. A two-story, gambrel-roofed house, once painted yellow, standing close upon the street, and which he had passed several times in his search, at last admitted the visitor to the chamber where Hawthorne was born. A low northwest apartment, with a ceiling beam, a wainscoted fire-place across one corner, and a closet door or two—these are all the memories the visitor brought away. The chamber of fame, in the southwestern corner of a tall black house to the left and rear of the other, and now finding exit on another street, possessed a rarer interest. But a not overdressed woman came to the veritable window at which he looked, raising the sash, and sitting down with an air of such prosaic and indisputable possession that he did not venture in. These dismantled and decaying shrines retain but a dreary interest at best.

At the custom-house the visitor was shown the room (the collector's) Hawthorne occupied, the desk still retaining his name inside the lid, traced, it is said, with his own finger-nail, and discernible only in certain lights. His official stencil plate is also shown, and the up-stairs rooms, then unfinished, where, among the old-time papers, he tells us, he found the manuscript hints for "The Scarlet Letter." From the summit of the custom-house a fine view is had of the Beverly and Marblehead shores, and of Salem Neck, with its forts, alms-house, hospital, and reform school lying picturesquely between. Here, no doubt, Hawthorne sat often with his glass, and grew sad over the decay of the old memory-haunted town, because of the ships that did not come, while even then was stirring around him the less conspicuous activity and thrift of modern industrial life.

MAZZINI ON THE PARIS COMMUNE.

IN an interesting article on "The Commune and the Assembly," in the *Roma del Popolo*, Mazzini says:

"The orgy of fury, vengeance, and blood, of which Paris has offered the spectacle to the world, would fill our soul with despair if we had merely an opinion and not a faith. A people which wallows about as if drunk, raging against itself with its teeth and lacerating its limbs, while howling triumphal cries—which dances an infernal dance before the grave it has dug with its own hands—which kills, tortures, burns, committing crimes without sense, aim, or hope—which vociferates like the fool who sets fire to his own pile before the eyes of the foreign foe against whom it did not know how to fight—such a people puts us in mind of some of the most horrid visions of Dante's Hell. The doings of both parties in France are marked by an 'Irokese ferocity,' by an 'insane blood-thirstiness more characteristic of wild beasts than of men.'" He condemns in the strongest terms the acts of the Commune, which, "based on no principle of patriotism or of humanity, shot the hostages in cold blood, when their death could not even serve the cause of the Commune, and threw the torch into edifices that are the ancient glory of the town."

FISH IN THE WEST INDIAN SEAS.

IN his "Christmas in the West Indies" Charles Kingsley speaks in a tone of great amusement of the "four-eyed fish," which have their eyes divided into an upper and a lower half, using one half to see through the air and the other half for the water. Numerous as are sharks in the West Indian seas, Mr. Kingsley was disappointed at only twice catching a glimpse of a black fin. A Scotch friend with whom he was staying came home, indeed, one evening with a weird tale of having had to cross the mouth of a river at the very point where he had seen a shark that morning. We can understand that, as this man "walked helpless through the surf, expecting every moment to be accosted by a set of teeth from which he would hardly have escaped with life," he felt colder down his back than at any other time in his life. Somewhat similar to this is the adventure of a young girl who was bathing with three of her sisters in a lagoon. She felt herself seized from behind, and thought one of the others was playing a trick on her; but when she looked up, and saw that her three sisters were on the bank, she had only time to scream for assistance, for she was in the grip of an anaconda. Luckily, the beast had hold of her bathing dress only, which was of thin cotton; the others rushed to her assistance, and pulled with all their might; the bathing dress gave way, and the anaconda "slid back again," with it in his mouth, into the dark labyrinth of the mangrove roots.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SIR CHARLES and Lady Bassett, relieved of their cousin's active enmity, led a quiet life, and one that no longer furnished striking incidents.

But dramatic incident is not every thing: character and feeling show themselves in things that will not make pictures. Now it was precisely during this reposeful period that three personages of this story exhibited fresh traits of feeling, and also of character.

To begin with Sir Charles Bassett. He came back from the asylum much altered in body and mind. Stopping his cigars had improved his stomach; working in the garden had increased his muscular power, and his cheeks were healthy, and a little sunburnt, instead of sallow. His mind was also improved: contemplation of insane persons had set him by a natural recoil to study self-control. He had returned a philosopher. No small thing could irritate him now. So far his character was elevated.

Lady Bassett was much the same as before, except a certain restlessness. She wanted to be told every day, or twice a day, that her husband was happy; and, although he was visibly so, yet, as he was quiet over it, she used to be always asking him if he was happy. This the reader must interpret as he pleases.

Mary Gosport gave herself airs. Respectful to her master and mistress, but not so tolerant of chaff in the kitchen as she used to be. Made an example of one girl, who threw a doubt on her marriage. Complained to Lady Bassett, affected to fret, and the girl was dismissed.

She turned singer. She had always sung psalms in church, but never a profane note in the house. Now she took to singing over her nursling; she had a voice of prodigious power and mellowness, and provided she was not asked, would sing lullabies and nursery rhymes from another county that ravished the hearer. Horsemen have been known to stop in the road to hear her sing through an open window of Huntercombe, two hundred yards off.

Old Mr. Meyrick, a farmer well-to-do, fascinated by Mary Gosport's singing, asked her to be his housekeeper when she should have done nursing her charge.

She laughed in his face.

A fanatic who was staying with Sir Charles Bassett offered her three years' education in Do, Ra, Mi, Fa, preparatory to singing at the opera.

Declined without thanks.

Mr. Drake, after hovering shyly, at last found courage to reproach her for deserting him and marrying a sailor.

"Teach you not to shilly-shally," said she. "Beauty won't go a-begging. Mind you look sharper next time."

This dialogue, being held in the kitchen, gave the women some amusement at the young farmer's expense.

One day Mr. Richard Bassett, from motives of pure affection no doubt, not curiosity, desired mightily to inspect Mr. Bassett, aged eight months and two days.

So, in his usual wily way, he wrote to Mrs. Gosport, asking her, for old acquaintance sake, to meet him in the meadow at the end of the lawn. This meadow belonged to Sir Charles, but Richard Bassett had a right of way through it, and could step into it by a postern, as Mary could by an iron gate.

He asked her to come at eleven o'clock, because at that hour he observed she walked on the lawn with her charge.

Mary Gosport came to the tryst, but without Mr. Bassett.

Richard was very polite; she cold, taciturn, observant.

At last he said, "But where's the little heir?"

She flew at him directly. "It is him you wanted, not me. Did you think I'd bring him here—for you to kill him?"

"Come, I say."

"Ah, you'd kill him if you had a chance. But you never shall. Or if you didn't kill him, you'd cast the evil-eye on him, for you are well known to have the evil-eye. No; he shall outlive thee and thine, and be lord of these here manors when thou is gone to hell, thou villain."

Mr. Richard Bassett turned pale, but did the wisest thing he could—put his hands in his pockets, and walked into his own premises, followed, however, by Mary Gosport, who stormed at him till he shut his postern in her face.

She stood there trembling for a little while, then walked away, crying.

But having a mind like running water, she was soon seated on a garden chair, singing over her nursling like a mavis: she had delivered him to Millar while she went to speak her mind to her old lover.

As for Richard Bassett, he was theory-bitten, and so turned every thing one way. To be sure, as long as the woman's glaring eyes and face distorted by passion were before him, he interpreted her words simply; but when he thought the matter over he said to himself, "The evil-eye! That is all bosh; the girl is in Lady Bassett's secrets; and I am not to see young master: some day I shall know the reason why."

Sir Charles Bassett now belonged to the tribe of clucking cocks quite as much as his cousin had ever done; only Sir Charles had the good taste to confine his clucks to his own first floor. Here, to be sure, he richly indemnified himself for his self-denial abroad. He sat for hours at a time watching the boy on the ground at his knee, or in his nurse's arms.

And while he watched the infant with undisguised delight, Lady Bassett would watch *him* with a sort of furtive and timid complacency.

Yet at times she suffered from twinges of jealousy—a new complaint with her.

I think I have mentioned that Sir Charles, at first, was annoyed at seeing his son and heir nursed by a woman of low condition. Well, he got over that feeling by degrees, and, as soon as he did get over it, his sentiments took quite an opposite turn. A woman for whom he did very little, in his opinion—since what, in Heaven's name, were a servant's wages?—he saw that woman do something great for him: saw her nourish his son and heir from her own veins; the child had no other nurture; yet the father saw him bloom and thrive, and grow surprisingly.

A weak observer, or a less enthusiastic parent, might have overlooked all this; but Sir Charles had naturally an observant eye and an analytical mind, and this had been suddenly but effectually developed by the asylum and his correspondence with Rolfe.

He watched the nurse, then, and her maternal acts with a curious and grateful eye, and a certain reverence for her power.

He observed, too, that his child reacted on the woman: she had never sung in the house before; now she sang ravishingly—sang in low, mellow, yet sonorous notes, some ditties that had lulled medieval barons in their cradles.

And what had made her vocal made her beautiful at times.

Before, she had appeared to him a handsome girl, with the hardish look of the lower classes; but now, when she sat in a sunny window, and lowered her black lashes on her nursling, with the mixed and delicious smile of an exuberant nurse relieving and relieved, she was soft, poetical, sculptorial, maternal, womanly.

This species of contemplation, though half philosophical, half paternal, and quite innocent, gave Lady Bassett some severe pangs.

She hid them, however; only she bided her time, and then suggested the propriety of weaning Baby.

But Mrs. Gosport got Sir Charles's ear, and told him what magnificent children they reared in her village by not weaning infants till they were eighteen months old or so.

By this means, and by crying to Lady Bassett, and representing her desolate condition with a husband at sea, she obtained a reprieve, coupled, however, with a good-humored assurance from Sir Charles that she was the greatest baby of the two.

When the inevitable hour approached that was to dethrone her she took to reading the papers, and one day she read of a disastrous wreck, the *Carbrea Castle*—only seven saved out of a crew of twenty-three. She read the details carefully, and two days afterward she received a letter written by a shipmate of Mr. Gosport's, in a handwriting not very unlike her own, relating the sad wreck of the *Carbrea Castle*, and the loss of several good sailors, James Gosport for one.

Then the house was filled with the wailing and weeping of the bereaved widow; and at last came consolers and raised doubts; but then somebody remembered to have seen the loss of that very ship in the paper. The paper was found, and the fatal truth was at once established.

Upon this Mr. Bassett was weaned as quickly as possible, and the widow clothed in black at Lady Bassett's expense, and every thing in reason done to pet her and console her.

But she cried bitterly, and said she would throw herself into the sea and follow her husband.

Huntercombe was nowhere near the coast.

At last, however, she relented, and concluded to remain on earth as dry-nurse to Mr. Bassett.

Sir Charles did not approve this; it seemed unreasonable to turn a wet-nurse into a dry-nurse when that office was already occupied by a person her senior and more experienced.

Lady Bassett agreed with him, but shrugged her shoulders and said, "Two nurses will not hurt, and I suspect it will not be for long. Mary does not feel her husband's loss one bit."

"Surely you are mistaken. She howls loud enough."

"Too loud—much," said Lady Bassett, dryly.

Her perspicuity was not deceived. In a very short time Mr. Meyrick, unable to get her for his housekeeper, offered her marriage.

"What!" said she, "and James Gosport not dead a month?"

"Say the word now, and take your own time," said he.

"Well, I might do worse," said she.

About six weeks after this Drake came about her, and in tender tones of consolation suggested that it is much better for a pretty girl to marry one who plows the land than one who plows the sea.

"That is true," said Mary, with a sigh; "I have found it to my sorrow."

After this Drake played a bit with her, and then relented, and one evening offered her marriage, expecting her to jump eagerly at his offer.

"You be too late, young man," said she, coolly; "I'm bespoke."

"Doan't ye say that! How can ye be bespoke? Why, t'other han't been dead four months yet."

"What o' that? This one spoke for me within a week. Why, our bans are to be cried to-morrow; come to church and hear 'em; that will learn ye not to shilly-shally so next time."

"Next time!" cried Drake, half blubbering; then, with a sudden roar, "what, be you coming to market again, arter this?"

"Like enough: he is a sight older than I be. 'Tis Mr. Meyrick, if ye must know."

Now Mr. Meyrick was well-to-do, and so Drake was taken aback.